



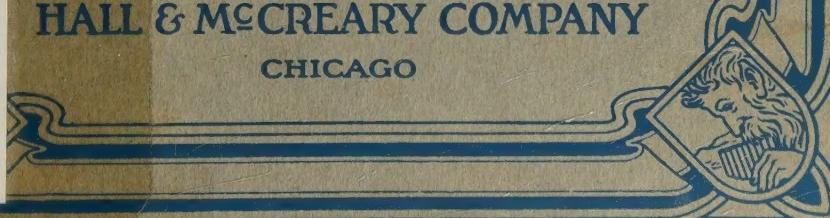
The Gray Book of FAVORITE SONGS



Uncle Sam's Favorite Song Book
REVISED

HALL & McCREARY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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THE GRAY BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS

(A New Edition of Uncle Sam's Favorite Song Book)

A Book of Choruses and Other Songs for All Occasions

(148 songs, 133 of which are with music)

G.M. Elliott Library

Cincinnati Bible College & Seminary
2700 Glenway Avenue

P.O. Box 04320

Compiled and edited by
John W. Beattie

Director, Department of Public School Music
Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

William Breach

Director of School and Community Music
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Mabelle Glenn

Director of Public School Music
Kansas City, Missouri

Walter J. Goodell

Composer and Harmonist
Chicago, Illinois

Edgar B. Gordon

Bureau of Extension, University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Norman H. Hall

Executive Secretary, National Week of Song
Chicago, Illinois

Ernest G. Hesser

Director of Public School Music
Indianapolis, Indiana

E. Jane Wisenall

Teacher of Music, Woodward High School
Cincinnati, Ohio

(Third Revised Edition)

HALL & McCREARY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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Selected Readings

Invocation

Almighty and everlasting God, in whom we live and move and have our being; we, thy needy creatures, render thee our humble praises, for thy preservation of us from the beginning of our lives to this day; we bless and magnify thy glorious name; humbly beseeching thee to accept this our morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life.

Have mercy upon this whole land; and so rule the hearts of thy servants THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, The Governor of this State, and all others in authority, that they, knowing whose ministers they are, may above all things seek thy honour and glory; and that we and all the people, duly considering whose authority they bear, may faithfully and obediently honour them in thee, and for thee, according to thy blessed word.

O Thou, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

Book of Common Prayer

Psalm 96

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the nations, his marvelous works among all the peoples.

For great is the Lord, and highly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the peoples are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; tremble before him, all the earth.

Say among the nations, The Lord reigneth: the world also is established that it cannot be moved:

He shall judge the peoples with equity.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; let the field exult, and all that is therein:

Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy before the Lord, for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth.

He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with his truth.

Our National Banner

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! May it ever wave first in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the intented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wheresoever on the earth's surface the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wave in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way!

Edward Everett

America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

"America" was written in February, 1832, by Rev. Samuel F. Smith who set it to the music of a composition which has been claimed for Henry Carey and which has been used by several countries for patriotic and national songs. It was first sung on the following Fourth of July in Boston, but did not gain popularity until the Civil War. Since then it has become the best known and most frequently sung of our national songs.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

With a moderately quick motion

HENRY CAREY (?)

Sheet music for "America" (My Country, 'Tis of Thee). The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and G major (indicated by a G-sharp). The bottom staff is also in common time and G major. The vocal line begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
2. My native coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Auth - or of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our

The vocal line continues with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics continue:

fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountainside, Let freedom ring! rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove. tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong. land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

My Native Land

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

EDWARD GRIEG

Sheet music for "My Native Land" by Edward Grieg. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and A major (indicated by an A-sharp). The bottom staff is also in common time and A major. The vocal line begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Oh, Na - tive Land, how fair you seem, With lake-lets love - ly as a dream, And,
2. Thy gracious farms, with fields unfurl'd, With wealth to feed a hungry world; How
3. Oh, God of Na - tions, help us grow In kind - ness, as in pow'r; to know The

The vocal line continues with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics continue:

stretching far from sea to sea, Great mountains, high in maj - es - ty! fair thy mis - sion, and how fine, To give thy aid, dear land of mine, free - dom of true brother-hood', And wealth of love the high - est good!

The vocal line concludes with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The Star-Spangled Banner

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was composed under the following circumstances:

It was on the evening of September 13, 1814, during the War of 1812, that a British fleet was anchored in Chesapeake Bay. A Dr. Beanes, an old resident of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, had been captured by the British and sent as a prisoner to Admiral Cochrane's flagship.

Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, hearing of the misfortune of Dr. Beanes, who was his personal friend, hastened to the British commander to endeavor to have his friend released. The enemy was about to attack Fort McHenry, so refused to allow Mr. Key and Dr. Beanes to return until after the fort was captured.

All through the night of September 13th, the bombardment was kept up, and in the light of the "rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air" they could see the American flag still waving over the old fort. And when, in the first rays of dawn of September 14th, he still beheld the same glorious banner waving from its accustomed place, Francis Scott Key wrote the words of that wonderful song "The Star Spangled Banner."

The next day Key went ashore, and, after copying his poem, showed it to a friend and relative, Judge Nicholson, who saw its worth and at his suggestion it was printed. Soon after it was adapted to an old English air known as "To Anacreon in Heaven," the composition of which is credited to John Stafford Smith, who is supposed to have written the music some time between 1770 and 1775. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in public by Ferdinand Durang, an actor, in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore, Md.

Francis Scott Key was the son of John Ross Key, an officer of the Revolutionary Army. He was born August 1, 1779, and died January 11, 1843, leaving "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a monument to his patriotic spirit, and an inspiration to his countrymen.

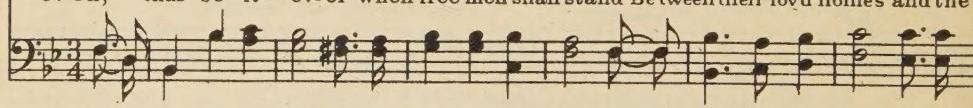
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

With spirit



1. Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the



twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si-lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
war's de - so - la-tion! Blest with vic-tr-y and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise th



rain-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our



The Star-Spangled Banner-Concluded

5

CHORUS *ff*

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-lect-ed now shines on the stream? 'Tis the Star-spangled cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled

Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Ban-ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban-ner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

God Of Our Fathers

DANIEL C. ROBERTS

G. W. WARREN

3

VOICES ALONE

3

Trumpets, before each verse.

1. God of our fa - thers, whose almighty hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's alarms, from deadly pes - ti - lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some way,

WITH ORGAN

louder

Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fence;
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;

Of shin-ing worlds in
Be Thou our Ru - ler,
Thy true re-lig - ion
Fill all our lives with

splendor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace di-vine,

Our grateful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

Dixie

"Dixie Land" or "Dixie," as it is generally called, the most popular of the songs of the South, was written by Daniel D. Emmett, of Ohio. In 1859, Mr. Emmett was a member of "Bryant's Minstrels," then playing in New York. One Saturday evening he was asked by Mr. Bryant to furnish a new song to be used in the performances the following week. On Monday morning Mr. Emmett took to the rehearsal the words and music of "Dixie." The song soon became the favorite all over the land. In 1860, an entertainment was given in New Orleans. The leader had some difficulty in selecting a march for his chorus. After trying several he decided upon "Dixie." It was taken up by the people, sung upon the streets and soon carried to the battle-fields, where it became the great inspirational song of the Southern Army.

Many different words were written to the tune. Those by Albert Pike, of Arkansas, were much used and are, perhaps, the most worthy of mention.

Like "Yankee Doodle" (with which it holds a close place), the original words of "Dixie" voice no great patriotic sentiment, and the music is not of a lofty character. Yet, like its companion, its notes stirred the hearts and crystallized souls who fought for the "Flag of Dixie."

Today, to the music of these two strange songs, there echoes the tread of a united people whose hearts are moved alike by the stirring strains, and who as they listen are ready to say with uplifted hands, bared brows, and reverent lips, "We give our heads and our hearts to God, and our Country."

D.D.E.

DAN D. EMMETT

Lively

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton,
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter,

Old times dar am not forgotten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie
Makes you fat, or a lit-tle fatter, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie

Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one
Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To Dix-ie Land I'm'

Dixie—Continued

7

The sheet music consists of eight staves of musical notation. The first two staves are soprano parts, with lyrics in the first: "frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land! bound to trabble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!" A "CHORUS" section begins with the third staff, followed by six more staves of music. The lyrics for the chorus are: "Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray!(hooray) Hoo-ray!(hooray) In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand to lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way, A-way, a-way, way down south in Dixie, A-way, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie. A-way, a-way, A-way, a-way," repeated.

In the chorus of Dixie, where the melody is given to the bass voices the sopranos may take those notes two octaves higher than written, if it seems best to have the sopranos on the melody throughout the song.

America, The Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES

(Tune "Materna")

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountain
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern impaSSion'd stress A thorough-fare of
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes prov'd In lib - er - at - ing strife Who more thanself their
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al - a-bas-ter

maj - es-ties A - bove the fruit-ed plain. A-mer - i - ca! A-mer - i - ca! God
 freedom beat A-cross the wil - der - ness. A-mer - i - ca! A-mer - i - ca! God
 coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life. A-mer - i - ca! A-mer - i - ca! May
 cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears. A-mer - i - ca! A-mer - i - ca! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.
 mend thine ev'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self-control, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
 God thy gold re - fine Till all success be no - ble - ness, And ev'ry gain di - vine.
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

America, My Country

NORMAN H. HALL

WALTER J. GOODELL

1. A-mer - i - ca, my coun - try, Lov'd nation of the world, I love thy peo-ple,
 2. A-mer - i - ca, my coun - try, Land that I dear - ly love, For all the bless - ings
 3. A-mer - i - ca, my coun - try, Great brother-hood of men U - ni - tedneath the

hills and plains, I love thy flag un-furl'd; I love thee for thy lof - ty aims, T'ward
 of thy laws, I praise the God a - bove; I praise Him for thy gen'rous heart, To
 stars and stripes, I hail thee once a - gain. I'll live for thee, A - mer - i - ca, I'll

America, My Country—Concluded

9

all hu-man-i - ty, A-mer-i - ca, my coun-try, Fair land of lib - er - ty.
 Him I'll bend the knee, A-mer-i - ca, my coun-try, Greatland of lib - er - ty.
 loy-al be and true, A-mer-i - ca, my coun-try, I pledge my life to you.

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

Moderate march time

WILLIAM STEFFE

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps, They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos-pelwrit in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

tramp-ling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stord; He hath loos'd the fateful
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous
 deal with My contem-ners, so with you My grace shall deal: "Let the He - ro born of
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to
 glo - ry in His bos-on that trans-figures you and me; As He died to make men

lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march-ing on.
 sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march-ing on.
 wom - an crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
 an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
 ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean is of uncertain origin. The melody has been claimed as of English composition, under the name of "Brittania, the Pride of the Ocean." The text was written at the request of David T. Shaw for a benefit, by Thomas a'Becket of the Chestnut Street Theatre, who rearranged and added the present beginning and ending to it. The date has been given by the latter as the fall of 1843.

THOMAS A'BECKET

Majestically

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de - form,
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vot-ion, A world offers homage to thee.
 The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lumbia rode safe thro' the storm:
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vic'try a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
 May thy serv-ice, u - nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 The ar-my and na-vy for ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean-Concluded

11



Thy ban-ners make tyran-ny trem-ble,
With her flag proudly floating be-fore her,
The ar-my and na-vy for ev-er,

When borne by the red,white, and blue!
The boast of the red,white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red,white, and blue!



Keller's American Hymn

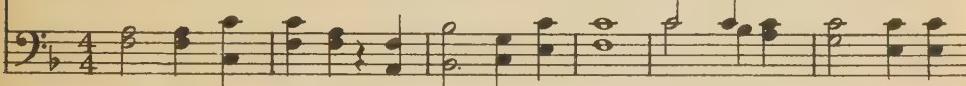
M.K.

Majestically

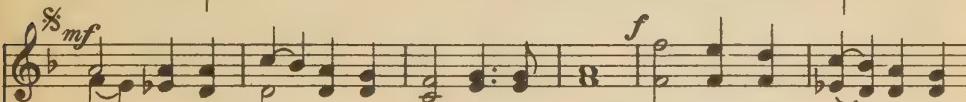
MATTHIAS KELLER



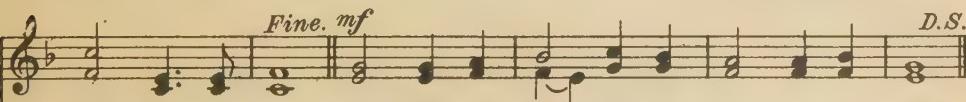
1. Speed our Re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of
2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Freed-o-m to stand, We rush to arms when a-
3. Rise up, proud ea-gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this



jus-tice and right; Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
fair west-ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old!



Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
Thunders our war-cry, "We conquer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
Show that it still is for freedom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our



coun-try and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
coun-try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
coun-try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old!



The Home Road

J. A. C.

Moderately

JOHN A. CARPENTER

1. Sing a Hymn of Free-dom, Fling the ban-ner high!.
 2. In the qui-et hours Of the star-ry night

f

Sing the Songs of Li-ber-ty, Songs that shall not die. For the
 Dream the dreams of far a-way Home-fires burn-ing bright. For the

long, long road to Tip-pe-ra-ry Is the road that leads me home O'er

The Home Road-Concluded

hills and plains, By lakes and lanes, My Woodlands! My Cornfields! My Country! My Home!

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MRS. JOHN LANE

To Thee, O Country!

JULIUS EICHBERG

1. To thee O country, great and free, With trusting hearts we cling; Our
2. For thee we dai-ly work and strive, To thee we give our love; For

Thy pow'r and praises sing Thy
To Him who dwells a - bove To
voices tuned by joy - ous love, Thy pow'r and prais - es sing Thy
thee with fer-vor deep we pray To Him who dwells a - bove Who

pow'r and praises sing. Up - on thy mighty, faithful heart, We
Him who dwells above. dwells a - bove. O God, protect our native land. Let
Up - on thy mighty, faithful
O God protect our native

lay, we lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
Peace, let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo-ry light the way to
heart, We lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
land, Let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo-ry light the way to

To Thee, O Country—Concluded

weight with-out a frown. Up-on thy mighty faith-ful heart, We
make the whole world free! O God protect our na-tive land, Let

weight with-out a frown. Up - on thy mighty faith-ful
make the whole world free. O God pro-tect our na-tive

p cresc. ff p

lay, we lay our burdens downr Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
Peace, let Peace its ruler be And let her glo - ry light the way to

heart, We lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
land, Let Peace her rul-er be, And let her glo - ry light the way to

1 2 cresc. ff > p

weight with-out a frown.
make the whole world (omit) free, To make the whole world free!
weight with-out a frown.
make the whole world (omit) free, To make the whole world free!

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O God, Our Help In Ages Past

ISAAC WATTS
Moderately

WILLIAM CROFT

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - o w of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. A thou-sand a - ges in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 Suf - fic - ient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

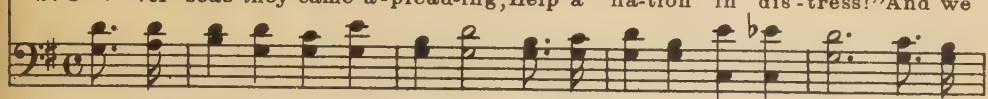
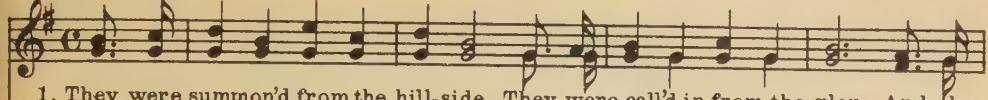
Keep The Home Fires Burning

15

LENA GUILBERT FORD

March time

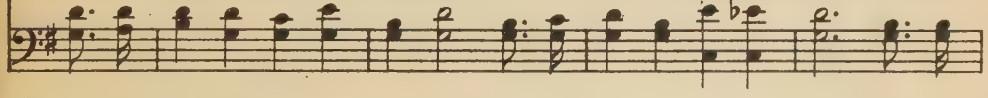
IVOR NOVELLO



Coun-try found them ready at the stir-ring call for men (the stir-ring call for men)
gave our glorious lad-dies; Honor bade us do no less, (and bade us do no less)



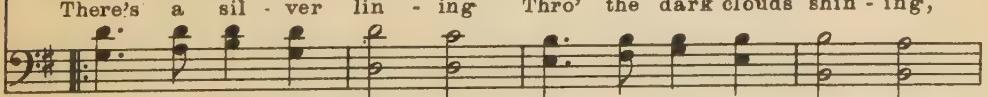
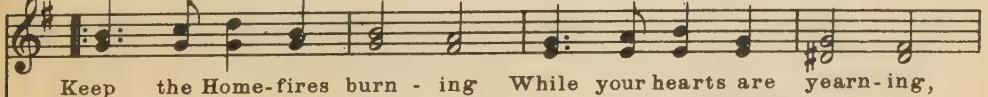
Let no tears add to their hard-ships, As the sol-diers pass a-long, And al-
For no gal-lant son of free-dom To a ty-rant's yoke should bend; And a



though your heart is break-ing, Make it sing this cheer-y song.
no-bile heart must an-swer To the sa-cred call of "Friend?"



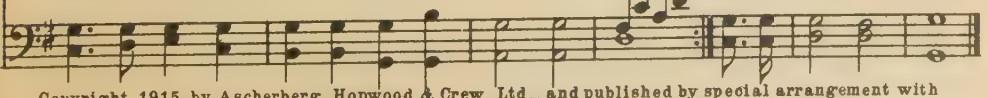
CHORUS



Tho' your lads are far a-way They dream of home.

Turn the dark cloud in-side out,

Till the boys come home.



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O, Worship The King

SIR ROBERT GRANT

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

1. O, wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly
 2. O, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der-ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can - o py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
 trust, Nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how

An-cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.
 thunder clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tillis in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re - deem - er and Friend.

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

LEONARD BACON

JOHN HATTON

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fathers cross'd the sea;
 2. Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r: Thy blessing came, and still its pow'r
 3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
 4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a - dore,

And when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee.
 Shall onward, thro' all a - ges bear The mem'ry of that ho - ly hour.
 And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
 Till these e - ter - nal hills re-move, And spring adorns the earth no more.

The Spacious Firmament On High

JOSEPH ADDISON

(Creation)

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

1. The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail The moon takes up the
 3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter -

the - real sky, And span - gled heav'n, a shin - ing frame, Their
 won - drous tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re -
 res - trial ball? What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A -

great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th'unworned sun, from day to day,
 peats the sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,
 mid the ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish - es to
 And all the plan - et in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice, For - ev - er sing - ing

ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might - y Hand.
 as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

Oh Realm Of Light

(Creation)

1. Oh realm of light! whose morning star
 To Bethl'hem's manger led the way,
 Not yet upon our longing eyes
 Shines the full splendor of thy day:
 Yet still across the centuries fall,
 Both strong and sweet, our Lord's command;
 And still with steadfast faith we cry,
 "Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

2. Oh realm of peace! whose music clear
 Swept through Judea's starlit skies,
 Still the harsh sounds of human strife
 Break on thy heavenly harmonies:
 Yet shall thy song of triumph ring
 In full accord, from land to land,
 And men with angels learn to sing,
 "Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

EMILY H. MILLER

Still, Still With Thee

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

E. MOSS

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning break-eth, When the bird
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mystic shad - ows, The sol-enn -
 3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its closing
 4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,
 hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee, in
 eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be -
 wak - eth, and life's shadows flee; Oh! in that hour, fair -

love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee!
 breathless a - dor - a - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
 neath Thy wings o'ershadowing, But sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there -
 er than day-light dawning, Shall rise the glorious thot, I am with Thee!

Evening Prayer

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

1. Soft - ly sighs the breath of evening, Stealing thro' the shadowy grove,
 2. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, while we're sleep-ing, Send Thy guardian angels bright,
 3. When the morning, gen - tly breaking, Tints the sky with golden rays,

While the stars, in hea - ven shin-ing, Keep their si - lent watch a - bove.
 Faith - ful watch a - bove us keep-ing, To pro-tect us thro' the night.
 May Thy lov - ing children, wak-ing, Sing their Heav'n - ly Father's praise.

Lord Of All Being, Throned Afar

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR

1. Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind-ling hearts that burn for Thee,

Cen -tre and soul of 'ev - ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near!
 Star of our hope, Thy soft-en'd light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
 Be - fore Thy ev - ef-blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.
 Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'nly flame!

Cast Thy Burden Upon The Lord

(Arr. from Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "Elijah")

Slow and sustained

Cast thy bur-den up - on the Lord; and He shall sus - tain thee;

louder

He is at thy

He nev - er will suf - fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy

right hand. *louder*

right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the

softer

heav'ns, Let none be made a - sham-ed, that wait up - on Thee!

Faith Of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER

HENRY F. HEMY and J.G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,
 2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-er we hear that glo - rious word!
 And thro the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in - deed be free.
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life.

REFRAIN

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

JAMES MONTGOMERY

THOMAS KOSCHAT

Arr. by W. J. G.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know. I feed in green pastures safe.
 2. Thro'the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no.
 3. In the midst of affliction my ta - ble is spread! With blessings unmeasured my.
 4. Let goodness and mercy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I

fold-ed I rest. He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when e-vil I fear. Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm shall be-cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a-nointest my head; O what shall I meet Thee above. I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod Thro'the land of their

wand'ring, re - deems when opprest, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when opprest.
 fall me with my Comforter near, No harm shall be-fall me with my Comforter near.
 ask of Thy provi-dence more? O what shall I ask of Thy provi - dence more?
 so-journ, Thy kingdom of love, Thro'the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

ANNA L. WARING

In Heavenly Love Abiding

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Softly Now The Light Of Day

G.W. DOANE

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

2

1. Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way;
 2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

BERNARD OF CLUNY Jerusalem The Golden

Translated by J. M. NEALE

G. F. LE JEUNE

mf

1. Je - ru-salem, the gold - en! With milk and honey blest; Be -neath thy contem -
 2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an -
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care released, The shout of them that
 4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e - lect! Osweet and blessed

mf

plation Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us
 an - gel, And all the martyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se -
 triumpf, The song of them that feast. And they, who with their Leader, Have conquer'd in the
 country, That eager hearts expect! Je - su, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of

Je - ru sa -

there! What radiancy of glo - ry! What bliss beyond compare! Jerusalem the golden! With
 rene; The pastures of the blessed Are deck'd in glorious sheen. Jerusalem the golden! With
 fight, For -ev -er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white. Je -rusalem the golden! With
 rest! Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit ev - er blest. Je -rusalem the golden! With

lem, the gold-en! Be -neath

milk and hon - ey blest; Be -neath the con - tem - plation Sink heart and voice opprest.

Day Is Dying In The West

MARY A. LATHBURY

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing
 2. Lord of life, be -neath the dome Of the u - ni -
 3. While the deep'-ning shad - ows fall Heart of Love, en -
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars the

earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night
 verse, Thy home; Gath - er us, who seek Thy face,
 fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
 day the night; Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
 Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

CHORUS

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler Of All Nature

ANONYMOUS. FROM 12TH CENTURY (Crusaders' Hymn)

GERMAN AIR

1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Ru-ler of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the
 2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Rob'd in the bloom-ing garb of
 3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fairer still the moon-light, And all the twinkling star-ry

Son, Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.
 spring; Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
 host; Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines purer, Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

Hark! The Vesper Hymn Is Stealing

THOMAS MOORE

Moderately

RUSSIAN AIR

1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear;
 2. Now like moonlight waves re-treat-ing To the shore it dies a-long;

Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear.
 Now like an-gry sur-ges meet-ing, Breaks the min-gled tide of song.

Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
 Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

Far - ther now, now far - ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
 Hark! a-gain, like waves re-treat-ing, To the shore, it dies a-long.

Gloria Patri

Palestrina was born in the ancient town of Palestrina, near Rome in about 1524. In 1571 he was appointed chapelmaster of St. Peter's in Rome, and soon after became composer to the Papal choir. Palestrina's work is among the greatest in choral music. A great many of his choruses are used today, but probably the most frequently used one is "Gloria Patri," one of the forms of which is given below.

English adaptation by MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

G. P. PALESTRINA

f *Quickly with vivacity*

Glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o, glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o,
Father of Light, we sing in Thy praise. Father of Light, we sing in Thy praise

pp

glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o, glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o,
Joy-ful-ly now our voi-ces we raise Joy-ful-ly now our voi-ces we raise

mf

et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to, spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to,
May Thy peace come down from above, May thy peace come from a bove.

pp

et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to, et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to.
Fill our hearts with Thy great love. Fill our hearts with Thy great love. A-men.

From Ill Do Thou Defend Me

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

Majestically

1. From ill do Thou de-fend me; Receive me, lead me home; Thy love full oft in
2. New blessings dai-ly send me; From Thee all good things come.

kind-ness hath milk and honey giv'n; O heal my mortal blindness, And fix my heart on Heav'n.

Unfold, Ye Portals

(From the oratorio "The Redemption")

ADAPTED FROM PSALM XXIV

CHARLES GOUNOD

Moderately

f 

Un-fold, — un-fold, — un-fold, ye portals ever

last - ing, un-fold, — un-fold, — un-fold, ye portals ev-er

last - ing, With welcome to re - ceive — Him ascend-ing on










Unfold, Ye Portals—Continued

high! — Behold the King of Glo - ry! He mounts up thro' the

sky, — Back to the heav'nly mansions hast 'ning. Un-

fold, un - fold, un - fold, — for lo, the

Unfold, Ye Portals-Continued

1 2 Fine.

King comes nigh. nigh.
(Omit 1st time)

Fine.

He, the King of Glo - ry? Hewho Death over-

came, the Lord in battle might - y.

came, the Lord in battle might - y.

Unfold, Ye Portals-Concluded

29

But who is He, the King of Glo - ry? Of

hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers: the King of

Glo - ry is the King of the saints. Un - . D.C.

3 cresc. 3

The Heavens Resound

ANDREAS HOFER

ARRANGED FROM BEETHOVEN

1. The heav'n's resound with His prais-es e - ter-nal, In might and
 2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a-tion; In His right

glo-ry they com-bine To tell His name thro' earth and the oceans That man may
 hand He holds them all; His chil-dren, we, in love and de - vo-tion, Be-fore His

hear the word di - vine.
 might and pow-er fall.

He holds the suns in the blue vaulted
 O Fa-ther, hear! we Thy sons bring our

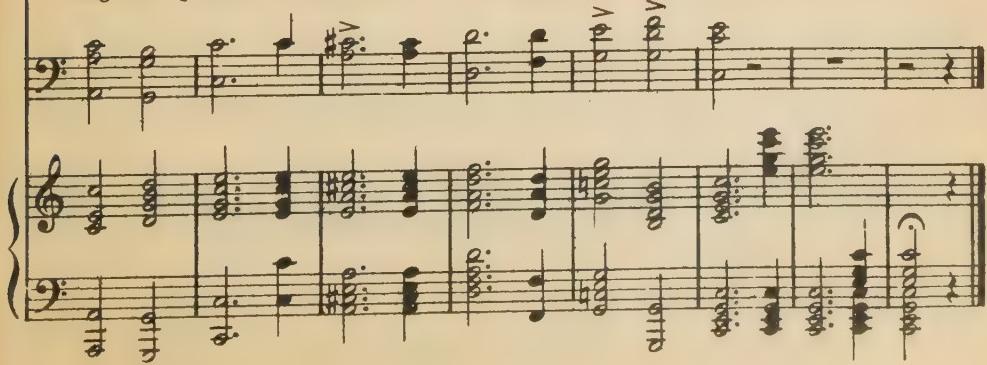
The Heavens Resound-Concluded

heav - ens,
bless - ings,

He plants His foot up - on the world;
Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we raise;

The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub jec tion; The u - ni-verse His
The heav'n's re-sound; break,O earth, in to glo - ry, To serve! a-dore! and

hand un - furl'd, The u - ni-verse His hand un - furl'd.
sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise!



But The Lord Is Mindful Of His Own

ADAPTED FROM THE PSALMS
AND THE EPISTLES OF PAUL.

(From the oratorio "St. Paul")

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Moderately slow

But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re mem-bers His chil -

p

dren. But the Lord is mindful of His own; The Lord remem-bers His

slower

chil - dren, re - mem - bers His chil - dren.

p

Bow down before Him, ye might - y, for the Lord is

cresc.

p

f.p.

But The Lord Is Mindful Of His Own—Concluded

cresc.

near us! Bow down before Him, ye mighty, For the Lord is

f *p* *fp* *cresc.*

near us! Yea, the Lord is mindful of His own; He re-

f *p*

mem-bers His chil - dren. Bow down before Him, ye might-y, for the

cresc. *f*

Lord is near us!

Lift Thine Eyes

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" of which the selection "Lift Thine Eyes" is one of the most popular, was first performed in 1846 at a festival given in Birmingham, England.

The oratorio is divided into two parts. The first tells of the prophet Elijah's experiences up to the time when his offering on Mount Carmel is consumed by fire sent from heaven and the rain falls upon the drought-stricken land. The second part portrays Elijah's life until he is carried to heaven in a fiery chariot. The entire oratorio is intensely dramatic.

Mendelssohn spent many years in its preparation, for, even as he worked upon it, he realized that it was to be his masterpiece. From the composition of the music, he took the keenest pleasure. It was his last great composition, for at the time of its first performance, Mendelssohn was losing strength which led to his death in 1847.

F. M. *With a quick motion*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence
com-eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth
com-eth, whence com - eth help, Thy help com - eth, com - eth from the
com-eth, whence com - eth help, Thy help com - eth from the

from the Lord, the ma-ker of heav-en and earth He hath
Lord from the Lord the ma-ker of heav-en and earth He hath
Lord the ma - ker , of heav-en and earth He hath

Lift Thine Eyes—Concluded

said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er slum - ber
 said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er
 said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er
 nev-er will nev-er slum - ber, nev-er slum - - - ber.
 slum - ber nev-er will nev-er slum - - - ber
 slum - ber nev-er will nev-er slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line is in soprano range. The first four staves contain lyrics in common time, with dynamics including *pp*, *f*, and *p*. The second section begins with a dynamic *p* and includes three staves of lyrics in common time. The final section begins with a dynamic *p* and includes three staves of lyrics in common time.

ADAPTED FROM THE 37th PSALM

O Rest In The Lord
(From the oratorio "Elijah")

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

slowly

p

O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him and He shall

pp

give thee thy heart's de-sires: O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-

sires. Commit thy way un-to Him, and trust in Him; commit thy way un-

to Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy-self because of e-vil

O Rest In The Lord—Concluded

do-ers. O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de-sires. O rest in the Lord O rest in the

Lord, and wait, wait pa-tient-ly for Him.

Lovely Appear.

ADAPTED FROM ISAIAH LII:⁷ (From the oratorio "The Redemption")

With a slow motion

CHARLES GOUNOD

mp SOPRANO CHORUS

Lovely ap - pear o - ver the mountains The feet of them that

preach, and bring good news of peace, The feet of them that preach, and

p ALTO CHORUS

bring good news of peace. — Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the

moun-tains The feet of them that preach, — and bring good news of peace, The

p UNISON

feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace, — Love - ly ap -

Lovely Appear-Concluded

pear o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and
 pear o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and
 pear o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and

louder

bring good news of peace, — Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the
 bring good news of peace, — Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the
 bring good news of peace, — Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the

louder

moun - tains. The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
cresc. *dim.*

moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
cresc. *dim.*

moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
cresc. *dim.*

THOMAS WILLIAMS

Largo
(From the Opera, Xerxes)

GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL

Very slowly

Fa - - - ther in heav'n, Thy chil-dren hear, As they a -

dor-ing bow, O Thou Al-might-y One, Hear Thou our pray'r; Strengthen our

faith; With hope in - spire our hearts, Flaming our souls with love

Largo - Continued

pp

Like un - to Thine. Then shall Thy works a-bound, Men shall pro -

pp

claim that God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly,

f

ho - ly is His name, And ho - ly is His name;

p

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

ff

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

ff

The Lost Chord

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, one of the best known of English composers, was born in London in 1842. His songs and hymns, also his light operas written in conjunction with Sir W. S. Gilbert are sung and loved everywhere. "The Lost Chord"; "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Mikado" are the most popular of his compositions. Sullivan was knighted in recognition of his musical work. He died in London in 1900.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Moderately quick

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

p TENORS AND BASSES IN UNISON

Seat-ed one day at the Or-gan, I was

wea-ry and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered i - dly O-ver the nois-y

keys. I knew not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I

The Lost Chord-Continued

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time, with lyrics integrated into the vocal parts.

Staff 1: Treble clef, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-men, Like the". The dynamic is *f* (fortissimo) at the end.

Staff 2: Bass clef, 4/4 time. This staff contains harmonic chords supporting the melody.

Staff 3: Bass clef, 4/4 time. This staff contains harmonic chords supporting the melody.

Soprano and Alto Part: Treble clef, 4/4 time. The dynamic is *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "sound of a great A-men."

Bass Part: Bass clef, 4/4 time. The dynamic is *p* (pianissimo).

Soprano and Alto Part: Treble clef, 4/4 time. The dynamic is *mf*. The lyrics are: "It flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an An-gel's".

Bass Part: Bass clef, 4/4 time. The dynamic is *mf*.

Soprano and Alto Part: Treble clef, 4/4 time. The dynamic is *p*. The lyrics are: "Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir-it With a touch of in-fi-nite".

Bass Part: Bass clef, 4/4 time. The dynamic is *p*.

The Lost Chord-Continued

calm. It qui - et - ed pain and sorrow, Like love o-ver-coming strife; It
 seemed the harmonious ech - o From our dis-cordant life. It linked all perplexed
 meanings In-to one perfect peace, And trembled a-way in-to silence, As
 if it were loth to cease I have sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various dynamics like forte (f), mezzo-forte (mf), and piano (p). The bottom two staves are for the voice, with lyrics printed below them. The vocal parts are in common time, and the key signature changes between G major and A major.

The Lost Chord-Continued

one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the Or - gan, And

ALL THE VOICES

en - tered in - to mine. It may be that Death's bright

an-gel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in

heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright

The Lost Chord-Concluded

Musical score for "The Lost Chord-Concluded". The score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for voices (Soprano and Alto/Bass) and the bottom two staves are for piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The lyrics are as follows:

an - gel will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in
 Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.

Ah, 'Tis A Dream

TRANSLATION FROM HEINE

EDWARD LASSEN

Musical score for "Ah, 'Tis A Dream". The score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for voice, the middle staff is for piano, and the bottom staff is for bass. The key signature is F major (no sharps or flats). The lyrics are as follows:

1. My na-tive land u-gain it meets my eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on
 2. And now when far in dis-tant lands I roam My heart will wan-der to my
 high, The vi - olets greet-ing seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.
 home, But while these fan-cies seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

NAHUM TATE

ARR. FROM GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground: The an - gel
 2. "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind, "Glad ti - dings
 3. "To you in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior,
 4. The heav'n - ly babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - played, All mean - ly
 5. Thus spake the Ser - aph— and forth-with Ap-peared a shin - ing throng Of an - gels,
 6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-

of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
 who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign; And this shall be the sign;
 wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid. And in a man-ger laid!"
 prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dressed their joy - ful song:-Ad-dressed their joy - ful song
 forth, from heav'n to me Be - gin and nev - er cease! Be - gin and nev - er cease!..

We Three Kings Of Orient Are

J.H.H.

JOHN H. HOPKINS

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse far
 2. Born a babe on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him a - gain;
 3. Frank-in-cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh,
 4. Myrrh is mine; its bit-ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - ring gloom;
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice;

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - low-ing yon - der Star.
 King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
 Fray'r and prais-ing all men rais - ing, Wor - ship God on high.
 Sorrowing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
 Heav'n sings "Hal - le - lu - jah!" "Hal - le - lu - jah!" earth re - plies.

CHORUS

Oh, star of won - der, star of might, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to the per - fect light.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

(Adeste Fideles)

This hymn is supposed to have been written during the 13th century. It is one of the most popular of the old Latin Hymns and is used in all Christian Churches especially at Christmas. The author of the words is unknown. It was translated by F. Oakley, in 1841. The music is supposed to have been written by John Reading, an English organist of the 18th century.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to
 2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye ci-tiz-en-s of
 A-des-te, fi-de-les, Læ-ti tri-um-phan-tes, Ve-ni-te, ve-ni-te in
 Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Born the King of Angels; O come, let us a-
 heavn a-bove; Glo-ry to God In the highest, glo-ry! O come let us a-
 Beth-le-hem. Na-tum vi-de-te, Re-gem an-ge-lo-rum. Ve-ni-te, a-do-
 dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.
 remus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus Do-mi-num.

How Firm A Foundation

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
 What more can He say than to you
 He hath said,

To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
 To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
 For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand,
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

MARTIN LUTHER

Luther's Cradle Hymn (Away in a Manger)

J. B. HERBERT

Arr. by J.W.B.

1. A-way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed, The
 2. The cat-tle are low-ing; the ba-by a-wakes; But

Luther's Cradle Hymn—Continued

little Lord Je-sus lay down His sweet head, The stars in the heav-en-sLooked
little Lord Je-sus no cry-ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je-sus Look

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je-sus a - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my era-dle till morn-ing is nigh.

O, Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS

LEWIS H. REDNER

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent-ly, how si - lent-ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im parts to hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn-ing stars, to geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Whore meek souls will re-ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord E - man - u - el.

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

EDWIN H. SEARS

RICHARD S. WILLIS

P

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
 3. For lo! the days are has - tning on, By proph-ets seen of old,

From an-gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
 And still their heavn-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
 When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Shall come the time fore - told,

mf

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-ring wing,
 When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

pp

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
 2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev.er-last-ing Lord; Late in time be -
 3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Son of Right-eousness! Light and life to

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing—Continued

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off-spring of the fa-vored one. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo-ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty Pleased, as man with men to dwell, Je-sus, our Im
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem,"
man-u-el! } Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"
sec-ond birth.

Glad Christmas Bells

1. Glad Christmas bells, your mu-sic tells
2. No pal-ace hall its ceil-ing tall
3. Nor rai-ment gay, as there He lay,
4. But from a-far, a splendid star

The sweet and pleasant sto-ry;
His king-ly head spread o-ver,
A-dorn'd the in-fant stranger;
The wise men westward turning;

How came to earth, in low-ly birth, The Lord of life and glo-ry.
There on-ly stood a sta-ble rude The heav-enly Babe to cov-er.
Poor, hum-ble child of moth-er mild, She laid Him in a man-ger.
The live-long night saw pure and bright, A-bove His birth place burn-ing.

The First Noel.

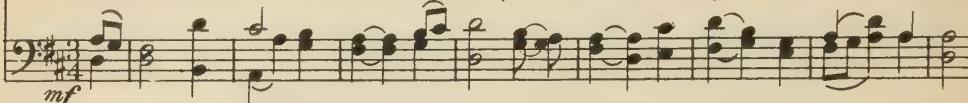
The term *Noel* is a French word meaning Christmas and is derived from the Latin "natalis" meaning birthday. The songs sung during the Christmas season were known as "Noels" "Nowells" or "Nowells", these names being equivalent to "Carols" in English.

WORDS TRADITIONAL

AIR TRADITIONAL



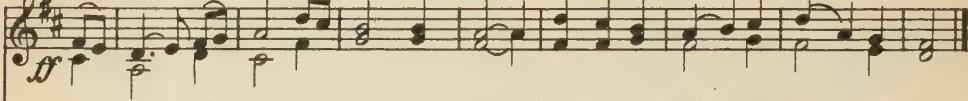
1. The first No - el the an-gel did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay:
2. They look-ed up and saw a star Shining in the East beyond them far,
3. This star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Beth - le-hem it took its rest,
4. Then en-ter'd in there Wise-men three, Full rev - rent - ly up - on their knee,



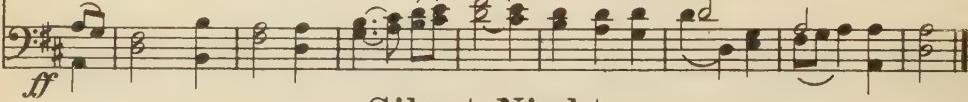
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
And to the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tinued both day and night.
And there it did both stop and stay Right o-ver the place where Je-sus lay.
And of-fer'd there in His pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank-incense.



CHORUS

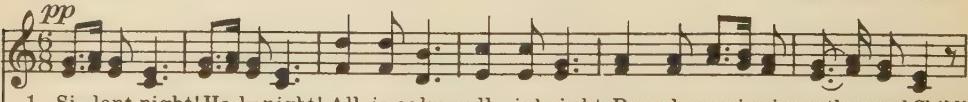


No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

**Silent Night**

JOSEPH MÖHR

FRANZ GRÜBER



1. Si - lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright. Round yon virg in mother and Child!
2. Si - lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from Heaven afar,
3. Si - lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face,



Ho - ly Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heaven-ly peace.
Heav'ny hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.



Joy To The World

ISAAC WATTS

GEORGE F. HANDEL
Arr. by Lowell Mason

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

ev -'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
 comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo - ries of His righteous - ness, And wonders of His love, And

And heav'n, and heav'n and nature

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 peat the sounding jey, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar ca - rols play,
 2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fries of all Christ-en - dom
 3. And in despair I bow'd my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said.
 4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
 5. Till, ring - ing, sing-ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
 Had roll'd a - long th'un-bro-ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men?
 "For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men?"
 The wrong shall fail, the right pre-vail, With peace on earth, good will to men!
 A voice, a chime, a chant sub-lime, Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Cantique De Noël

(O Holy Night)

ADOLPHE ADAM

Slowly and majestically

1. O ho - ly
2. Led by the
3. Tru-ly he

C

mf

night! the stars are bright-ly shin - ing, It is the
 light of faith se - rene - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing,
 taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is

night of the dear Sav-iour's birth;
 hearts by his era - dle we stand;
 love, and his gos - pel is peace;

Long lay the
 So led by
 Chains shall he

world in sin and er - ror pin - ing, Till he ap -
 light of a star sweet-ly gleam - ing, Here came the
 break, for the slave is our bro - ther, And in his

Cantique De Noël—Continued

peared and the soul felt its worth.
wise men from O - ri - ent land.
name all op - pres - sion shall cease.

A thrill of hope the
The King of kings lay
Sweet hymns of joy in

wea - ry soul re-joic - es, For yon-der breaks a new and glorious morn;
thus in low - ly man-ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend;
grate-ful cho-rus raise we, Let all with - in us praise his ho - ly name;

1st time through refrain is sung by solo voice, 2d time, four part.

Fall on your knees,
He knows our need,
Christ is the Lord,

Oh, hear the an-gele voi - ces! O
To our weak - ness is no stran-ger. Be-
Oh, praise his name for-ev - er! His

f

Cantique De Nöel—Concluded

night di - vine, — O night when Christ was born! O
 hold your King, — be - fore him low - ly bend! Be -
 pow'r and glo - - ry ev - er-more pro - claim! His

night O ho - ly night O night di - vine!
 hold your King be - fore him low - ly bend!
 pow'r and glo - ry ev - er-more pro - claim!

night, O ho - ly night, O night di - vine!
 hold your King be - fore him low - ly bend!
 pow'r and glo - ry ev - er-more pro - claim!

Come Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD

GEORGE J. ELVEY

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit to His great praise to yield;
 3. Ev - en so, Lord, quick-ly come, Hold Thy fi - nal har - vest - home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
 There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide:

Come Ye Thankful People—Concluded

Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
 Grant, O har - vest Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo - ri-ous har-vest-home.

JOHN NEAL

Moderately quick

TRADITIONAL

Good King Wenceslas

CHO. 1. Good King Wences-las look'd out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay
 TEN. S. 2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou knowt it, tell-ing; Yon-der peas-ant,
 TEN. S. 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith-er; Thou and I will
 TEN. S. 4. "Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I
 CHO. 5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din-ted; Heat was in the

round a-bout, Deep and crisp and e-ven; Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was
 who is he? Where, and what his dwelling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the
 see him dine When we bear them thither." Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went to-
 know not how, I can go no long-er," "Mark my footsteps, my good page Tread thou in them
 ver-y sod Which the saint had printed; Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos-

a little slower

cru-el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win-ter fu - el.
 mountain; Right a-gainst the for-est fence, By Saint Ag-nes' foun - tain."
 geth-er; Thro' the rude wind's wild lament And the bit-ter weath - er.
 bold-ly: Thou shalt find the win-ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
 sess-ing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless - ing.

Christ, The Lord, Is Risen Today

CHARLES WESLEY

HENRY CAREY
Arr. by John Worgan

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 3. Lives a-gain our glo-ri-ous King:
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led,

Sons of men and
 Christ has burst the
 Where, O death, is
 Following our ex-

an - gels say:
 gates of hell:
 now thy sting?
 alt - ed Head:

Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Death in vain for - bids His rise;
 Once He died our souls to save:
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;

Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply.
 Christ has opened Par-a-dise.
 Where thy victo-ry, O grave?
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Al - le - lu - ia!

Hark! Ten Thousand Voices

T. KELLY

(St. Oswald)

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Hark! ten thousand voi-ces sound-ing, Far and wide thro' - out the sky;
 2. Je - sus lives, His con-flict o - ver, Lives to claim His great re-wa rd;
 3. Yon - der throne for Him e - rect - ed Now becomes the Vic-tor's seat;
 4. All the pow'r's of heav'n a-dore Him, All o - bey His sove-reign-word;

'Tis the voice of joy a-bound-ing, Je-sus lives no more to die.
 An - gels round the Vic - tor hover, Crowd-ing to be - hold their Lord.
 Lo, the Man on earth re-ject-ed, An - gels wor-ship at His feet!
 Day and night they cry be - fore Him, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"

Schubert's Serenade

The name of Franz Peter Schubert, the great Vienna composer, is always associated with song. Other composers of his time gave their thoughts to the composition of operas, oratorios, symphonies, etc., and while Schubert also composed a few of these, he chose the song as the means for expression of his choicest musical thought. During his short lifetime of but thirty-one years (1797-1828), he composed over six hundred songs. His "Serenade" has always been popular. Another of his songs, "The Linden Tree" is given on another page.

TRANSLATION

FRANZ SCHUBERT

1. Thro' the leaves the night winds mov-ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;
 2. Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rus - tling low;

To thy cham - ber win - dow rov - ing
 Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing

Schubert's Serenade—Continued

love hath led my feet.
Dear - est let us go.

Silent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing
All the stars keep watch in heav - en,
Link us tho' a -
While I sing to

part, thee,
Link us tho' a - part.
While I sing to thee.
On the breath of
And the night for

Schubert's Serenade—Continued

music steal - ing To thy dream - ing heart,
love is giv - en Dear - est come to me,

To thy dream - ing heart.
Dear - est come to me.

Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing Wails the whippoor-

Schubert's Serenade-Concluded

will; And the heart for thee is yearn-ing;

Bid it, love, be still, Bid it, love, be

still.

Bid it, love be still.

pp

A Merry Life

(Funiculi Funicula)

FROM THE ITALIAN

Rapidly and with spirit

LUIGI DENZA

f

1. Some think _____
2. Ah, me! _____

— the world is made for fun and frol - ie, — And so do I!
— 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, — And like it well!

CHORUS

f

SOLO

— And so do I! _____ Some think _____ it well to
— And like it well! _____ For me, _____ I have not

> >

be all mel - an - chol - ie, — To pine and sigh, — To pine and
tho't it worth the try - ing, — So can-not tell! — So can-not

CHORUS

> >

A Merry Life—Continued

SOLO

p.

sigh; ————— But I, ————— I love to spend my time in
 tell! ————— With laugh, ————— and dance, and song, the day soon

CHORUS

sing - ing — Some joy - ous song, ————— Some joy - ous song;
 pass - es, — Full soon is gone, ————— Full soon is gone;

SOLO

To set ————— the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring - ing —
 For mirth ————— was made for joy-ous lads and lass - es —

CHORUS

— Is far from wrong! ————— Is far from wrong! —————
 — To call their own! ————— To call their own! —————

A Merry Life-Concluded

First time Solo, Second time Chorus.

Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! — Hark-en! Hark-en!

Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! — Hark-en! Hark-en!

Mu-sic sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la!

Mu-sic sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la!

Joy is ev'-ry-where, Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la.

Joy is ev'-ry-where, Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la.

The Alphabet

WOLFGANG MOZART

Lively

p

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,
k l m n o p q, k l m n o p q - r s t u v w
k l m n o p q, k l m n o p q - r s t u v w
x y and z - a b c d
x y and z - a b c d
e f g h i j k l m n o, k l m n o p q
e f g h i j k l m n o, k l m n o p q,
a b c d e f g h i j k l, k l m m n n o, k l m n o p q,
k l m n o p q, r s t u v w x y and z -
k l m n o p q, r s t u v w x y and z -

I Would That My Love

HEINRICH HEINE

With a lively motion

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly
 2. To thee on their wings my fair - est, that

flow in a sin - gle word, I'd give it the mer - ry
 soul - felt word they would bear, Should'st hear it at ev - 'ry

breez - es They'd waft it a-way in sport, I'd
 mo - ment, And hear — it ev - 'ry where, Should'st

sf cresc.

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in
 hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear — it ev - 'ry-

I Would That My Love-Continued

69

Sheet music for 'I Would That My Love-Continued'. The music is in G major, common time. The vocal part is in soprano range, and the piano part includes bass and harmonic support.

The lyrics are:

sport; a-way in sport,— a-way in sport,— they'd
where; and ev-'ry where,— and ev-'ry where,— and

wafit a-way in sport.
hear it ev-'ry where.

At night when thine eye-lids in

slum - ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still

pp

I Would That My Love—Concluded

there my love it will haunt thee e'en in thy deep - est

cresc.

dreams, Still there my love it will haunt thee e'en

f

e'en in thy deep - est
in thy deepest dreams. thy deepest dreams, E'en

p sf

in thy deep - est, deep - est dreams.

p

Calm As The Night

FROM THE GERMAN

Calmly

CARL BOHM

slightly slower

p

In time

Calm as the night, Deep as the sea,

p *In time*

Thy love for me should be.

slower *in time*

Calm as the night, And deep as the sea,

Calm As The Night-Continued

Thy love for me, thy love for me should be,

pp *slower*

Thy love, thy love should be.

pp *slower* *pp in time*

mf in time

If thou lov'st me

slower *in time*

mf

p *slower* *in time*

As I love thee, Thine, thine for e'er I'll be.

p *slower* *in time*

Calm As The Night-Concluded

73

faster

Glow - ing as steel — And firm as the

hills Thy love should be, thy love for me — should

be, — Thy love for me — should be. —

*slower**pp*

The Rose Of Allandale

CHARLES JEFFRY

SIDNEY NELSON

Moderately

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

1. The morn was fair, the
 2. Wher-e'er I wandered,
 3. And when my fe-vered

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, B-flat major, and 2/4 time. It starts with a forte dynamic (f) and includes a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, B-flat major, and 2/4 time, providing harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. Measure 11 ends with a fermata over the bass note. Measure 12 begins with a dynamic marking 'mf'.

skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea When
east or west, Tho' fate be - gan to lour, A
lips were parch'd On Af - ric's burn - ing sand, She

A musical score for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time and include a key signature of one flat. Measure 11 consists of eighth-note patterns: the treble staff has a dotted half note followed by a sixteenth-note rest, while the bass staff has a dotted half note followed by a quarter note. Measure 12 begins with a sixteenth-note rest in the treble staff, followed by a sixteenth-note note head. The bass staff continues its eighth-note pattern. Measures 11 and 12 conclude with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

Ma - ry left her high-land cot, And wandered forth with me; Tho'
sol - ace still was she to me In sorrow's lone - ly hour; When
whis - per'd hopes of hap - pi - ness, And tales of dis tant land; My

The Rose Of Allandale-Concluded

mf a little slower

flow - ers deck'd the moun-tain's side, And fragrance fill'd the vale, By
tem - pest lash'd our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiv - ring sail, One
life has been a wil - der - ness, Un - blest by for - tune's gale, Had

mf a little slower

faster *mf*

far the sweet-est flow-er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
maid-en form with-stood the storm: Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
fate not link'd my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale.

p *mf*

spirited

a little slower

p

The Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By

in time

mf *p.*

far the sweet est flow-er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

S.C.F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by Walter Aiken

p

Come where my love lies dream-ing, dream-ing the happy hours a-way,
In
visions bright re-deem-ing The fleet-ing joys of day,

Dream-ing the happy hours,

Come where my love lies dream-ing, dream-ing the happy hours a-way

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming-Continued

My own love is sweetly

The sheet music consists of ten staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The vocal part uses soprano clef, and the piano part uses bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the melody, appearing below the notes. The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'pp' (pianissimo) and various chords.

My own love is sweetly
 Come where my love lies dream-ing
 dreaming the happy hours a -
 way.
 Come where my love lies dream - ing is sweet-ly
 way.
 My
 dream - ing, Her beau-ty beam-ing, Come where my love lies
 dream-ing, Her beau-ty beam-ing, Come where my love lies
 own love is sweet-ly
 dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way,
 pp

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming-Continued

Come with thy lute, come with thy lay, My own love is sweet - ly

The sheet music consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom four staves are for the piano. The music is in common time, mostly in G major, with some sections in A major and E minor.

Lyrics:

- Staves 1-2: Come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
- Staves 3-4: dreaming her beauty beaming
- Staves 5-6: Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies
- Staves 7-8: own love is sweet-ly
- Staves 9-10: Second time to Coda
- Staves 11-12: dreaming dream-ing the happy hours a - way.
- Staves 13-14: Soft is her slum - ber Thots bright and pure
- Staves 15-16: Dance thro' her dreams like

Musical Elements:

- Piano Part:** Includes bass and treble staves with various dynamics (e.g., *p*, *pp*, *f*, *mf*) and harmonic changes indicated by key signatures and sharps.
- Style:** The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth-note patterns, with some measures featuring sustained notes or rests.
- Text:** The lyrics are integrated directly into the musical score, appearing below the corresponding vocal lines.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming-Concluded

79

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses treble and bass clefs, the middle staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section ends with a repeat sign and leads into a section labeled 'D.S.' (Da Capo). The 'Coda' section begins with a treble clef and continues with a bass clef. The lyrics in the coda are: "Dream-ing the hap-py hours a-way."

gush-ing mel-o - dy, Light is her young heart,

Light may it be; Come where my love lies dream - ing.

D.S. %

Coda

Dream-ing the hap-py hours a-way.

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Stephen C. Foster

Stephen Collins Foster, a truly American writer of what may be called the folk-songs of America, was born July 4th, 1826 at Lawrenceburg, Pennsylvania, now a part of Pittsburgh, and died in New York in 1864. From an early age he was interested in music. He often attended negro camp meetings and there studied the music of the colored people.

Chief among Foster's characteristics was his tenderness. This quality is reflected in all of his songs.

Gentle Annie

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-part, Thou art
 2. We have roamed in youth'mid the bowers When thy downy cheek-s were in their bloom, Now I

hm Hm Hm

gone, a-las, like the many That have bloomed in the summer of my heart. REFRAIN
 stand alone 'mid the flowers, While they min-gle their perfume o'er thy tomb.

Shall we

never more be - hold thee, Never hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the

springtime comes, gentle An-nie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain?

S.F.C.

Moderately

Fairy-Belle

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. The pride of the vil-lage, and the fair-est in the dell, Is the
 2. She sings to the meadows, and she car-ols to the streams; She

queen of my song, and her name is Fair-y Belle; The sound of her light step may be
 laughs in the sun-light, and smiles while in her dreams; Her hair, like the thistle-down, is

Fairy-Belle-Concluded

heard up-on the hill, Like the fall of the snowdrops or the dripping of the rill.
borne up-on the air, And her heart like the hummingbirds is free from ev'-ry care.

Fair-y - Belle, gentle Fairy-Belle, The star of the night and the lil-y of the day,

Fair-y-Belle, The queen of all the dell, Long may she revel on her bright, sunny way.

Gentle Annie and Fairy Belle are two of Foster's numbers which are comparatively little known. They have been so arranged as to make them useful for either mixed or male quartet. For male voices, have first tenor take the alto part, singing it in the range as written; the second tenor takes the soprano an octave lower than written; the first bass takes the upper part in the bass clef and the second bass the lower.

De Bezem (Round)

This Dutch round is great fun, whether the singers can pronounce the words correctly or not. The phonetic pronunciation, with translation is given below.

FROM THE NETHERLANDS

DUTCH WORDS: De be - zem, de be - zem, Wat doe je er mee, Wat doe je er mee?
PRONUNCIATION: Dā bay-sūm, dā bay-sūm, Wat doo yā air may, Wat doo yā air may?
TRANSLATION: The broom, the broom, What do you with it, What do you with it?

Wij ve-gen er mee, Wij ve-gen er mee, De vloer aan, de vloer aan.
Way fay-gan air may, Way fay-gan air may, Da fluur on, da fluur on.
We sweep with it, We sweep with it, The floor up, the floor up.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat (Round)

E. O. LYTE

Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream;
Mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.

Welcome, Sweet Springtime

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

§

1. { Wel - come sweet spring time we greet thee in
Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from
D.S. Sing then, ye birds, raise your voi - ces on

song, Mur-murs of glad-ness fall on the ear; — Voi - ces long
sleep, Joy giv - ing in - cense floats on the air; — Snow-drop and
high Flow'rets a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom! — Spring time is

hush'd now their full notes prolong — Ech - o-ing far and near. —
prim-rose both tim-id - ly peep, — Hail we the glad new - year. —
come and sweet summer is nigh, — Sing, then ye birds, O sing! —

Balm - y and life breathing breez - es are blow - ing Swift - ly to

Welcome, Sweet Springtime-Concluded

83

na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing Ah! how my heart beats with rapture a -
new, As earth's fairest beau - ties a - gain meet my view.

D.S.al Fine.

Good Night

(Round)

1 Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May an-gels a -
round you their si-lent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night, good night.
2
3

The Bell Is Ringing

(Round)

Lively
1 Hark! the bell is ringing, Calling us to singing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!
2 Hark! the bell is ringing, Calling us to singing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!
3 Hark! hark! the bell is ringing Calling us to singing, Come, come, come away!

PENN. MILITARY COLLEGE

Taps

U. S. ARMY BUGLE CALL

Day is done, gone the sun, From the lake, from the hill, from the sky, All is well, Safe-ly rest, God is nigh.

The Blacksmith

WOLFGANG A. MOZART

1. Oh! the
2. Blow the
3. Let the

blacksmith's a fine sturdy fel-low, Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow See him fire, stir the coals, heaping more on, Till the iron's all a glow, let it roar on! While the blows, strong and sure, quickly falling, Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling; Oh, the

stand there his huge bellows blowing, With his strong brawny arms free and bare. See the smith high his hammer's a-swinging, Fi'-ry sparks fall in show'r's all a-round, And the smith he's a fine sturdy fel-low, Bravely working from morning till night; Hard his

fire in the furnace a glowing, Bright its sparkle and flash, loud its roar. sledge on the an-vil is ringing, Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound. hand, but his heart's true and mellow, Like his an-vil, he stands for the right.

The Low-Backed Car

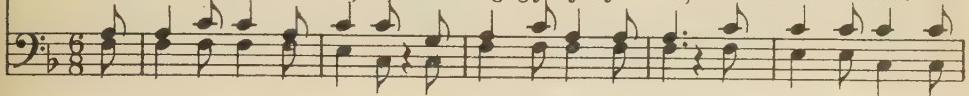
SAMUEL LOVER

Moderately fast

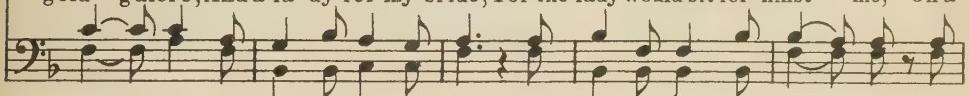
OLD IRISH AIR



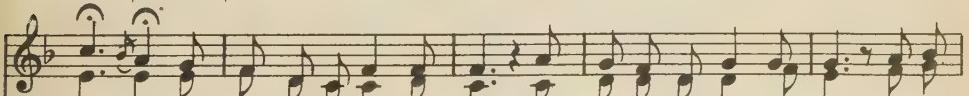
1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a mar- ket day, A low-back'd car she
 2. In bat-tle's wild commotion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes de-
 3. Sweet Peggy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
 4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg- gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



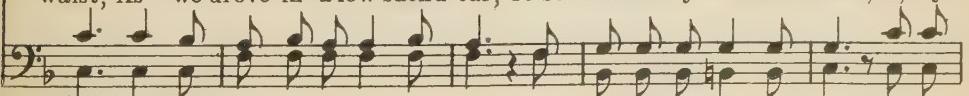
drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
 mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peggy, peace-ful god - dess, Has
 slaugh - ters By far out-number these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
 gold galore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the lady would sit for-ninst me, On a



deck'd with flow'r's of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
 darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the markettown, As right and left they
 like a tur - tle - dove Well worth the cage, I do engage, Of the blooming God of
 cush - ion made with taste, While Peggy would sit be-side me With my arm around her



sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev- er
 fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car Than battles more dangerous far For
 Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lovers come near and far And
 waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be married by Fa-ther Maher, O, my



ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
 the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
 en - vy the chick-en That Peg- gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
 heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho'it beat in a low-back'd car.



Nancy Lee

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

With spirit

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, _____ Yeo -
 2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow, _____ Yeo -
 3. The bo' - shn pipes the watch be - low, _____ Yeo -

ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
 ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know,
 ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Then here's a health before we go,

Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! See there she stands an'
 Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! But true an' bright from
 Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! A long, long life to

Nancy Lee—Concluded

waves her hand up - on — the quay, An' ev'-ry day when I'm a-way she'll
 morn till night my home — will be, An' all so neat an' snug an'sweet for
 my sweet wife an' mates — at sea, An' keep my bones from Da-vy Jones wher-

watch for me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo-
 Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo-
 e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - ey Lee; Yeo-

ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! The sail - or's wife the sail-or's

star shall be, Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the sea; The sail - or's

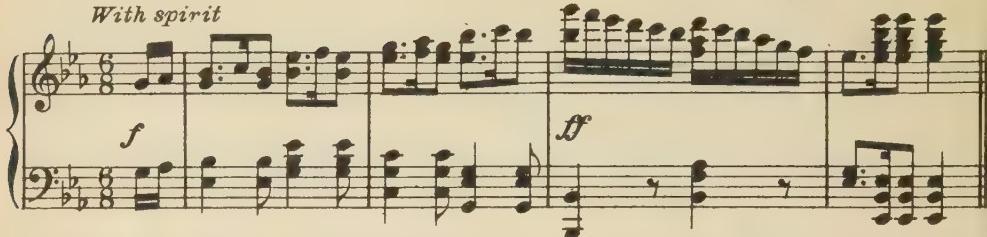
wife the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee

(Air—"The Band At A Distance")

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Arr. by Sir G. A. MacFarren

With spirit

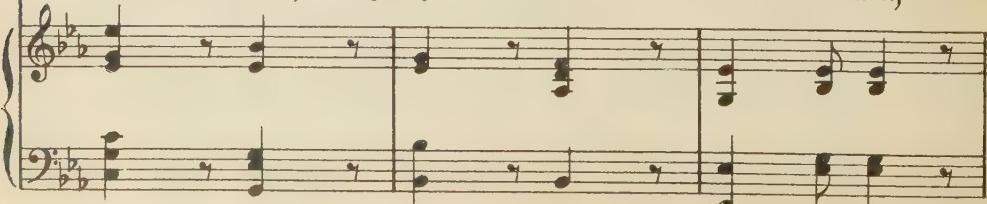
1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver-house spoke, Ere the
 3. There are hills be-yond Pent-land, and lands be-yond Forth, If there's



King's crowns go down there are crowns to be broke; So each Cav - a - lier who loves
 Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the North, There are brave Duinewassals, three



hon - our and me Let him fol - low the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dundee. Come
 thousand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dundee." Come



The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee—Continued

89

fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle my horses and

call out my men, Un-hook the West Port and let us go free, For its

up wi' the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee.

2. Dun - dee, he is mount-ed, he rides up the street, The

4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I

bells they ring back-ward the drums they are beat, But the
own a u - surp - er I'll crouch wi' the fox, And

The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee-Concluded

Pro - vost (douce man) smid "Just e'en let it be, For the
trem - ble false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee, Ye hae

town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee,"} Come fill up my cup, come
no seen the last o' my bon - nets and me.}

fill up my can, Come saddle my horses and call out my men, Un -

hook the West Port and let us go free, For its up wi' the bon-nets o'

Bon - nie Dun - dee.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, featuring bass and treble clef staves with various dynamics like forte (f), piano (p), and sforzando (sf). The bottom four staves are for the voice, with lyrics written below them. The lyrics describe a scene of rebellion against the English, mentioning the 'Pro-vost' (a Douce man), 'false Whigs', and 'the West Port'. The music is in common time and includes several measures of rests and dynamic changes.

WORDS TRADITIONAL
Not too slowly

Leezie Lindsay

OLE SCOTCH SONG

1.“Will ye gang to the
2.“To gang to the
3. Then up be - spak’
4. She has kilt - ed her
5. He has led her high

Musical score for the first system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. It features three staves: Treble, Bass, and Alto. The Treble staff starts with a dynamic 'p'. The Alto staff begins with a bass clef and a 'p' dynamic.

Hie - lands, Lee-zie Lind - say? Will ye gang to the hie - lands wi'
Hie - lands, wi? you, sir! I din - na ken how that may
Lee - zie’s best wo - man, A bon - nie young las - sie was
coats o’ green sat - in, She has kilt - ed them up to the
up - on a mountain, And bade her look out o'er the

Musical score for the second system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. It features three staves: Treble, Bass, and Alto. The Treble staff starts with a dynamic 'p'. The Alto staff begins with a bass clef and a 'p' dynamic.

me; Will ye gang to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say, My
be; For I ken - na the land that ye live in, Nor
she; “Had I but a mark in my pock - et, It's
knee, And she's aff to the Hie - lands wi' Don - ald, His
sea; “These isles are Lord Ron - ald Mac - Don - ald's, And his

Musical score for the third system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. It features three staves: Treble, Bass, and Alto. The Treble staff starts with a dynamic 'p'. The Alto staff begins with a bass clef and a 'p' dynamic.

bride and my dar - ling to be?”
ken I the lad I’m gaun wi? ”
Don - ald that I wad gang wi? ”
bride and his dar - ling to be.
bride and his dar - ling are ye.”

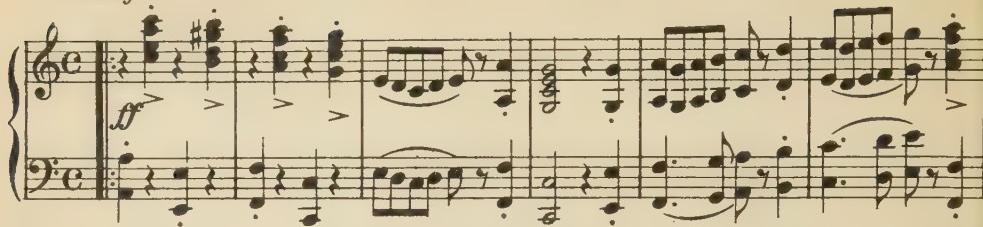
Musical score for the fourth system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. It features three staves: Treble, Bass, and Alto. The Treble staff starts with a dynamic 'p'. The Alto staff begins with a bass clef and a 'p' dynamic.

The Midshipmite

FRED E. WEATHERLY

Lively

STEPHEN ADAMS



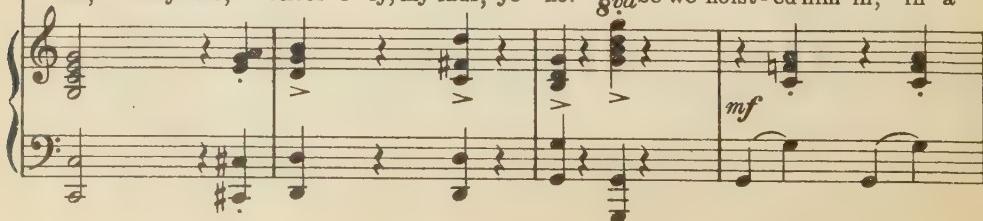
1.'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win-ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo
 2. We launched the cutter an'shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo
 3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo



ho! We'd got the Roo-shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle
 ho! The lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid-dy cried, "Now, my
 ho! "You make for the boat, never mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or



Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to -
 lads, put a - bout!" Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns, an' we
 die," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! *sua* So we hoist-ed him in, in a



The Midshipmite—Concluded

night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why bless'ee sir, come a - rammed them tight, But the musket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor little ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev'ry man with all his might, An' saved the poor lit - tle

long, says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
 Mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
 Mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo

cresc.

slower *in time*

ho! — With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

slower

Gai - ly, boys, make her go! — An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship -

slower *f* *with the voice*

last time

mite, Sing-ing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho! —

A Warrior Bold

The name of the composer, Steven Adams, is a nom-de-plume used by Michael Maybrick. "A Warrior Bold" and "Nancy Lee", which will also be found in this book, are among his most popular songs. Maybrick was born in Liverpool in 1844.

EDWIN THOMAS

STEPHEN ADAMS

With Spirit

1. In days of old, when knights were bold,
And barons held their
2. So this brave knight, in ar-mor bright, Went gai-ly to the

sway, A war-rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri ly his lay; Sang
fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a-way, His

mer- ri- ly his lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en
soul had pass'd a-way. The plighted ring he wore Was crush'd and wet with

A Warrior Bold—Concluded

hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com-pare. So
gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried, "I've kept the vow I swore. So

what care I tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho'
what care I tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho'

death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."

death be nigh, I've fought for love, for love I die,

I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

The Three Chafers

(Male Voices)

FRIEDRICH H. TRÜHN

Briskly

1. There were three young and gal - lant cha - fers, Who with a mer-ry
 2. And soon they found a love - ly, love - ly flow'r, As tempt-ing as a
 3. The pret - ty flow'r was wide, so' wide a-wake, And art - ful-ler than
 4. Her aunt the spi - der, heard, she heard the call, And came like Fee-faw
 5. And while she sat she watch'd, she watch'd her prey, And when she saw them
 6. The flow'r, tho' love-ly, had, she had a heart, As hol - low as a



hum, hum, hum, Sum-a,
 plum, plum, plum, Sum-a,
 some, some, some, Sum-a, }
 fum, fum, fum, Sum-a, } sum,
 come, come, come, Sum-a,
 drum, drum, drum, Sum-a,



BASS OR ALTO SOLO.

In dew their nos-es
 They all at once were
 She call'd her aunt, the
 At once her net she
 She pounç'd up - on the
 She laugh'd and said we've



sum, sum,



dip - ping, In dew their nos-es dip - ping, As tip - sy grew with
 bit - ten, They all at once were bit - ten, They all were deep-ly
 spi - der, She call'd her aunt, the spi - der, And begg'd she would pro-
 spun well, At once her net she spun well, And when she tho't it
 chaf - ers, She pounç'd up - on the chaf - ers, And suck'd them thin as
 caught ye, Shelaugh'd and said we've caught ye, Fine chaf-ers and we've



sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

As tip - sy grew with
 They all were deep - ly
 And begg'd she would pro-
 And when she tho't it
 And suck'd them thin as
 Fine chaf-ers and we've



sip - ring, As an - y cask of rum, sum, sum,
 smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be-come, sum, sum,
 vide her A maze to hold like gum, sum, sum,
 done well, With in it sat quite dumb, sum, sum,
 wa - fers, They nev-er-more could hum, sum, sum,
 taught ye That love is all a hum, sum, sum,

The Three Chafers-Concluded

sip - ping, As an - y cask of rum, As an - y cask of rum.
 smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be - come, Thus chafers can soft be - come.
 vide her A maze to hold like gum, A maze to hold like gum.
 done well, With - in it sat quite dumb, With - in it sat quite dumb.
 wa - fers, They nev - er - more could hum, They nev - er - more could hum.
 taught ye That love is all a hum, That love is all a hum.

* Pronounced Zoom.

Note: This number may be used for quartet of unchanged voices by pitching one octave higher than when sung by male voices.

Proudly As The Eagle

ALFRED STONE

(Male Voices)

LOUIS SPOHR

Vigorously

1. Proud - ly as the ea - gle Wings his flight on high, Let our song be
 2. Loud as mighty thun-ders Peal - ing thro' the skies, Soft as lov - er's
 3. Thee, O song we hon - or, 'Tis of thee we sing; Loud - er still and

swell - ing Up - ward to the sky, While each glow-ing breast
 sigh - ing Shall our car - ols rise; Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound
 loud - er Shall thy praises ring, Ho - ly, heav'nly fire,

While each glow-ing
 Heav'n - ly mu - sic's
 Ho - ly, heav'nly

Thrills with rapture blest,
 Spread - ing joy a - round,
 Thou dost e'er in - spire,

While each glow-ing breast Thrills with rapture blest.
 Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound Spreading joy a - round.
 Ho - ly, heav'nly fire, Thou dost e'er in - spire.

breast
 sound
 fire,

Thrills with rapture blest, each glowing breast
 Spreading joy a-round, sweet music's sound,
 Thou dost e'er in-spire with heav'nly fire,

The Hunter's Farewell

TRANSLATION.

(Male Voices)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. Who a-loft thy head did raise, For-est green the mountains crowning? With glad heart thy beaut-
 2. We must seek our home below, Leave the deer in peace re-pos-ing, Ere for us the chase is
 3. What beneath thy shade we swore, In the distant world shall bind us, True to thee each year shall

owning, I will sing thy Maker's praise, _____ With glad heart I will
 closing, Once a - gain our horns we blow, _____ Once a - gain, once a -
 find us, Faithful chil-dren ev- er - more, _____ ev - er - more, faith-ful

I will sing

sing thy Maker's praise. Fare thee well, Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee
 gain our horns we blow. children ev-er - more. Fare thee well Fare thee well

well

Fare thee well thou for-est home, Fare thee well, Fare thee well thou for-est home.

TRANSLATION
Rapidly

Lutzow's Wild Hunt

(Male Voices)

CARL MARIA VON WEBER
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. From yonder dark forest what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are re -
 2. Why roars in yon val - ley the mer - ci-less fight? What ter - ri-ble sounds are now

bound-ing? The sunbeams are gleaming on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trumpet is
 clash-ing? Our true hearted men are maintaining the right, And freedoms bright torch now is

Lutzow's Wild Hunt-Concluded

sound - ing, And loud the shrill trumpet is sounding. And if you ask what you there be-
flash - ing, The bright torch of freedom is flashing. And if you ask what you there be-

hold, These are These are Lutzow's huntsmen so free and so bold. bold.

Sleep Soldier Sleep

Memorial Day

(Male Voices)

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

ALPHENS DAVISON

Arr. by J. W. B.

1. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, Sleep comrade 'neath the heav'-ns blue, While on this
2. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, For you are done with war and fear, Your mem-o-
3. Rest, sol-dier, rest, You faced grim death with courage brave, And man-ful -

day we hon-or you, Loy-al and brave, to country true. Sleep, soldier, sweetly sleep.
ry to us is dear; The tho't of you brings many a tear. Sleep, soldier, gently sleep.
ly your life you gave; Your glo-ry lives be-yond the grave. Rest, soldier, gently rest.

Lovely Evening

Somewhat quickly

(Round)

1. Oh, how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning, When the bells are
sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding dong, ding, dong.

2.

3.

John Peel

ENGLISH HUNTING SONG

With spirit, but not too fast

1. D'ye
 2. Yes, I
 3. D've

ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the
ken John Peel and Ru - by too, And Ran - ger and Ring - wood,
ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout - beck

break o' the day, Dye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his Bell-man and True; From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a once on a day; But now he has gone far a-way, far a-way, We shall

hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
view to a death in the morn - ing. For the sound of his horn brought
ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.

John Peel - Concluded

A few Altos: The cry of the hounds!

me from my bed, And the cry of the hounds which he oft-times led;

The cry _____ of the hounds! Oh!

Peel's view halloo! would a-wak-en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn-ing.

* The shout of the hunter when the fox first comes to view.

O, No, John

SOMERSET FOLK SONG

1. On yon-der hill there stands a creature, Who she is I do not know;
2. My father was a Span-ish cap-tain, Went to sea a month a-go,
3. O Madam in your face is beau-ty, On your lips red ros-es grow;
4. O Madam since you are so cru-el, And that you do scorn me so,
5. O hark! I hear the church-bells ringing, Will you come and be my wife?

I'll go ask her hand in mar-riage, She must an-swer yes or no.
 First he kissed me, then he left me, Bid me al-ways an-swer no.
 Will you take me for your hus-band? Madam, an-swer yes or no.
 If I may not be your hus-band? Madam, will you let me go?
 Or, dear Madam, have you set - tled To live sin-gle all your life?

CHORUS

O, John, no no, John, no, John, no!

In The Time Of Roses

J. REICHARDT
Arr. by W.J.G.

1. In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea-ry heart! Spring a balm dis-
 2. In the time of ros - es, Wea-ry heart, re-joice! Ere the summer
 clos - es For the keen-est smart. Tho' thy grief o'er come thee Thro'
 clos - es Comes the longed for Voice. Let not death ap-pal thee, For,
 the winter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.
 be-yond the tomb, God Him-self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

Adapted from the
GERMAN

The Linden Tree

FRANZ SCHUBERT

1. { Be-side the old stone fountain, There stands a lin-den tree;
 Be-neath its spread-ing branches, Glad dreams have come to me. Up-
 2. { To-night; a home-less wand'r'er, I passed the lin-den tree;
 Its wav-ing branches nod-ding, It seemed to speak to me; "Come,
 on its bark I chis-eled Dear names so long a - go, I sought its peace in
 weary heart-sick com-rade, Be-neath my shadow rest, Where earth-ly strife or
 glad - ness, I sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
 sor - row Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest.

This song is complete in three parts and may be used as a trio for girls' voices, the alto taking the tenor with bass omitted.

Lovely Night

TRANSLATION

F. H. CHWATAL

Arr. by J. W. B.

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spreading o-ver hill and meadow, Soft and slow the
2. Ho- ly night! O ho- ly night! Plac-ing brighter worlds before us; Hap-pi-ness thou

For more information about the study, please contact Dr. Michael J. Koenig at (314) 747-2000 or via email at koenig@dfci.harvard.edu.

haz - y shadow; Soon our wearied eye-lids close, And slumber in thy blest re-*pose*,
sheddest o'er us; Oh,, that we might ne'er re-*turn* To this dull earth to weep and mourn,

Soon our weary eyes close, And slumber in thy blest repose.
Oh, that we might ne'er return To this dull earth to weep and mourn.

Oh, that we might ne'er re-turn To this dunearth to weep and mourn.

The Two Roses

H. WERNER

WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Moderately slow

louder

1. On a bank two ros-es fair,
2. This in leaves of white ar-ray'd,
3. Like her cheeks, the blush-ing ray
Wet with morn-ing show-ers,
Not a speck to dim them,
Which thy bud en-clos-es;

2. This in leaves of white ar-ray'd, Not a speck to dim them,

3. Like her cheeks, the blushing ray Which thy bud en-clos-es;

Fill'd with dew, in " fragrance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gather'd two sweet
So I find the spotless mind Which a-dorns my spotless maid, In - no-cen-ce's
Brighter far than you they are, But her charms if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous,

So I find the spotless mind which adorns my spotless maid, In - ho - co - os -

Brighter far than you they are. But her charms if I should say, would soon pass,

()

loudly \cong *very*

mf | *p*

1. *Die Sonne* ist ein sehr schönes Lied für Kinder, das sie leicht singen können.

A blank musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines and four spaces, with a clef at the beginning.

—
—
—

Tell me now as true as tall. If my fair one loves me well.

emblem. Tell me ros-es tru-ly tell, If my fan can never see the world.

Night

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

FRANZ ABT
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. The sun - set glows in splen - dor To wave a bright fare-well As
 2. And now the vel - vet dark - ness Is brightened near and far With

day de-parts in glo - ry All o - ver hill and dell; The shadows lengthen
 gleams like ti - ny can - dles, Where many a brilliant star At - tends, in ser - vice

slow - ly And twi-light, hushed and ho - ly, Now dims the sun-set light, Now
 loy - al The moon, se - rene and roy - al, Arrayed in sil - ver bright, Ar -

dims the sun - set light, To greet the night, To greet the night.
 rayed in sil - ver bright, The queen of night, The queen of night.

This song is complete in three parts and may be used as a trio for girls voices, the alto taking the tenor, with bass omitted.

Isle Of Beauty

THOMAS H. BAYLY

Moderately

1. Shades of evening close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a-while;
 2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light;
 3. When the waves are round me breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone;

Morn, a - las! will not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis-tant isle;
 Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
 And my eye in vain is seek-ing Some green spot to rest up - on:

Isle Of Beauty—Concluded

Still my fancy can dis-cov-er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;
Thro' the mist that floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves - per bell;
What would I not give to wan-der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;

Dark - er shad-ows round us hover, Isle of Beau-ty "fare thee well!"
Like a voice from those a-round us, Breath-ing fond-ly "fare thee well!"
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fon-der, Isle of Beau-ty "fare thee well!"

Steal Away

Slowly

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

Fine.

Steal a - way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The
2. Greentrees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trembl-ing; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning; The

D.C.

trum-pet sounds with - in a my soul: I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord, What A Mourning

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL."

CHORUS

My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a

Fine LEADER

mourn-ing, When the stars begin to fall. 1. You'll hear the trumpet sound To wake the
2. You'll hear the sinner mourn, To wake the
3. You'll hear the Christian shout To wake the

CHORUS

D.C.

nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.

My Lord Delivered Daniel

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

CHORUS

My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el, My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el, My

Fine.

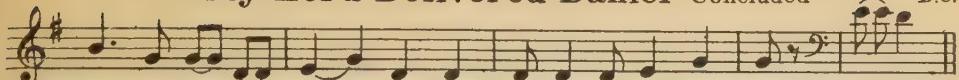
Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el; Why can't he de-liv-er me?

LEADER

1. I met a pil-grim on the way, And, I ask him where he's a go-ing. I'm
2. Some say that John the Baptist, Was nothing but a Jew, But he
3. Oh, Dan-i-el cast in the li-on's den, He pray both night and day, The
4. He de-liv-er'd Daniel from the li-on's den, And Jonah from the belly of the whale, And the
5. The rich-est man that ever I saw Was the one that beg the most, His

My Lord Delivered Daniel-Concluded

107
D.C.



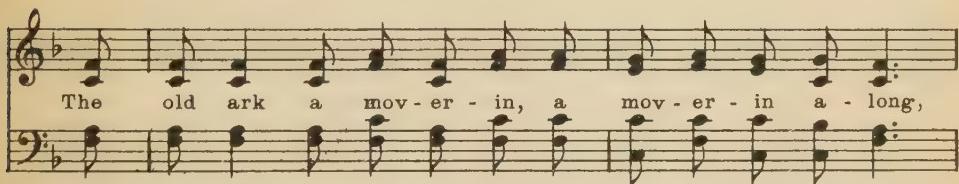
bound for Ca-naan's hap-py land, And this is the shout-ing band. Go on!
 Bi - ble doth in - form us That he was a preach-er, too; Yes, he was!
 an - gel came from Gal-i - lee, And lock the li - ons' jaw. That's so!
 He-brew children from the fiery furnace, And why not ev'- ry man? Oh, yes!
 soul was filled with Je - sus, And with the Ho - ly Ghost. Yes, it was!

The Old Ark A-Moverin Along NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

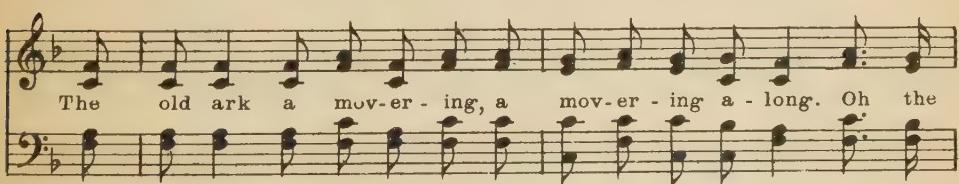
Leisurely



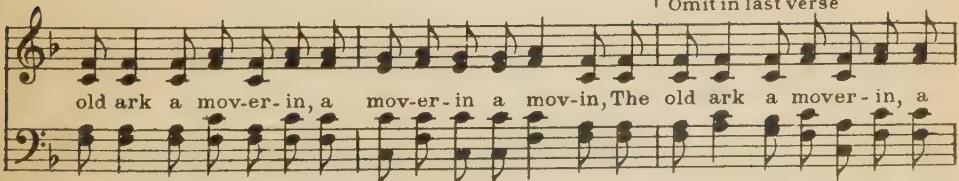
1. Just wait a lit - tle while I'm gwine to tell you 'bout the ark
2. Then No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on dry land
3. Old No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on the tim - ber
4. And when the ark was fin-ished all ac - cord-ing to the plan
5. Now when the rain be - gan to fall the ark be - gan to rise
6. For for - ty days and for - ty nights the rain it kept a fall - ing
7. That aw - ful rain it stopped at last the wat - ers sub - sid - ed



1. The Lord He told old No - ah for to build him an old ark.
2. They built that ark ac - cord-ing to the Lord's com - mand.
3. The proud be - gan to laugh, the sil - ly point their fin - ger.
4. Old Mas - ter No - ah took in fam - bly, an - i - mal and man.
5. The wick - ed they hung all a-round with groans and cries.
6. The wick - ed climbed the trees and loud for help they kept a call - ing.
7. And that old ark with all on board on Ar - a - rat rided.

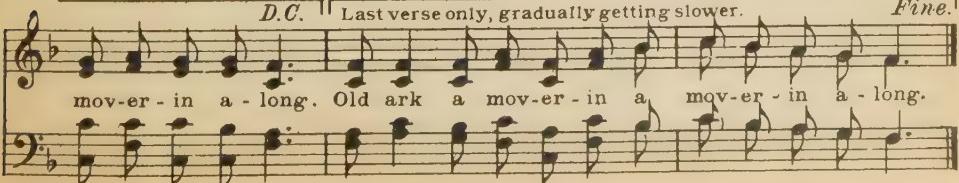


Omit in last verse



D.C. || Last verse only, gradually getting slower.

Fine.



Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

Slowly

mf

Oh, no-bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, No-bod - y knows but Je-sus!

Fine.

No-bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo - ry Hal-le - lu-jah!

1. Some-times I'm up, some-
Al - though you see me
2. One day when I was
2. I nev - er shall for-

D.C.

times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord; Some-times I'm al-most to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord, going along so, Oh, yes, Lord; I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord. walking a-long, Oh, yes, Lord, The element open'd, and the Love came down, Oh, yes, Lord. get that day, Oh, yes, Lord, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way, Oh, yes, Lord.

S.C.F.

Oh! Susanna

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderately

1. I came to Al - a - ba - ma wid My ban - jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou - si - an - a, My true love for to see. I had a dream de od-dernight, When eb'ryting was still; I thought I saw Su - san - na, A com-ing down de hill. I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all'round, And when I find Su - san - na, I'll fall up - on de ground. It rain'd all night de day I left, De sun so hot I froze to death, Su - san - na don't you cry. De buck-wheat cakewar in her mouth, De tear was in her eye, Says I, I'm com-ing from de South, Su - san - na don't you cry. But if I do not find her, Dis weather it was dry, And when I'm dead and bur - ied, Su - san - nadon't you cry. dark ie'll sure-ly die,

CHORUS

Oh! Susanna-Concluded

Oh! Su-san-na, oh, don't you cry for me, For I goin' to Lou-si-an-a wid my banjo on my knee.

Paraphrase on original
Foster text

Ring, Ring The Banjo

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. The time is nev-er dreary, If a fel-low nev-er groans, A hoof-er's nev-er
 2. Oh! nev-er count the bubbles When there's water in the spring. A trav'ler has no

wea-ry With the rat-tle of the bones. Ring, ring the ban-jo! I like that good old
 troubles When he's got this song to sing.

song, Come a-gain good for-tune, Oh! where you been so long.

A "Stunt"

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" may be sung counter to "Ring, Ring The Banjo." A fine assembly "stunt" may be devised by having the girls sing "Ring, Ring The Banjo" while the boys whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Briskly

The Girl I Left Behind Me

mf

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such heav-y thots my
 2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-bove me, And gen-tly lent their

heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For
 sil - v're light, When first she vow'd she loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind

each does but re-mind me How swift the hours did pass away With the girl I've left be-hind me.
 Heav'n, may fa-vor find me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I've left be-hind me.

Ole Dan Tucker

First Verse-Henry Russel
Other Verses-Myrtle Koon Cherryman

HENRY RUSSEL

*Quickly**mf* UNISON

CHORUS

UNISON



1. I come to town de ud-der night, I hear de noise and saw de fight, De
 2. Ole Dan he workin de cot-tonfiel', But got a stone-bruise on his heel, So
 3. Ole Dan was hun-gry for to eat Some good cornpone wid chick-en meat, But
 4. An' now I thinks dat poor ole Dan, Is git-tin' to be a right ole man, An'



watch-man was a run-nin' roun' Cry-in' "Ole Dan Tucker's come to town" So
 he lef' de fiel' and went troo de wood, To de lit-tle pond whah de fishin's good. So
 when he went for to steal a hen, De Mas-sa says, "Don't do dat a - gain!" So
 when he dies an' goes up high, I hope the an-gels there won't cry, Oh



get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er,



Get out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to sup-ter.



Merrily, Merrily (Round)



Mer-ri- ly, mer-ri- ly, greet the morn; Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.



Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way.

Captain Jinks

Lively

1. I'm Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on
 2. I joined my corps when twen - ty - one, Of course I thought it

corn and beans, And sport young ladies in their teens, Tho'a cap-tain in the cap-i-tal fun, When the en-e-my came, of course I run, For I'm not cutout for the

Ar - my. I teach young ladies how to dance, How to dance, How to dance, I
 Ar - my. When I left home, mama, she cried, Mama she cried, Mama she cried, When

teach young ladies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar - my. I'm
 I left home, ma - ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar - my. I'm

CHORUS

Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And

oft - en live be-yond my means, Tho'a cap-tain in the ar - my.

Billy Boy

mf

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Oh, where have you
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she bid you to come
 3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she set for you a
 4. Can she make a cherry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Can she make a cherry
 5. How old is she, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, How old is

been, charming Bil-ly?
 in, charming Bil-ly?
 chair, charming Bil-ly?
 pie, charming Bil-ly?
 she, charming Bil-ly?

I have been to seek a wife, She's the
 Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a
 Yes, she set for me a chair, She has
 She can make a cher-ry pie, Quick's a
 Three times six and four times seven, Twenty -

(charming Bil-ly)

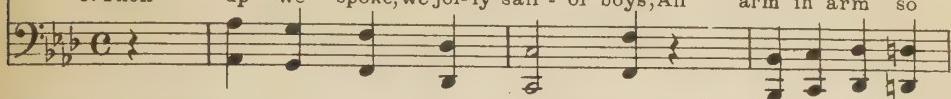
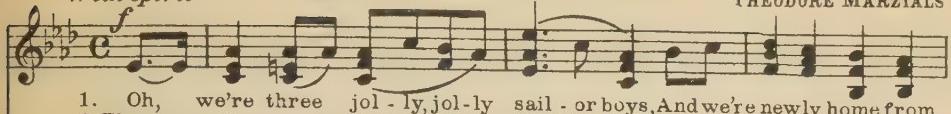
joy of my life, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 dim-ple in her chin, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 ringlets in her hair, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 cat can wink her eye, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 eight and e-lev-en, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.

Blow The Man Down

The Three Sailor Boys

THEODORE MARZIALS

With spirit



South A-mer-i-kee, With our hearts still tingling with the salt, salt wind, And the
 po-sy on the tree, There was great eyed Marga-ret, and trim set Sal, And sweet
 jol - ly for to see. There are girls beside the water, at Ja-nei-ro, or Gibraltar, Who can



tumble and the tossing of the sea.
 Kit-ty from the north coun-tree.
 dance right mer-ri-ly as ye;"

Oh, honey, we've our pockets full of money; Will you
 No, honey, tho' your pockets full of money, We won't
 So, honey, while our pockets full of money, Come and



trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay? For the wind's in the sail, and the
 trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay, Till you've set the clerks a-sing-ing, and the
 trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the Quay. For we sailors love the ocean, and the



thun-der in the gale, And our good ship plung-ing to be free.
 wed-ding bells a - ring-ing And the par - son has pock - et-ed the fee.
 change and the commo-tion, And the good ship plung-ing on the sea.



Haul On The Bowlin'

CHORUS

CHANTEY

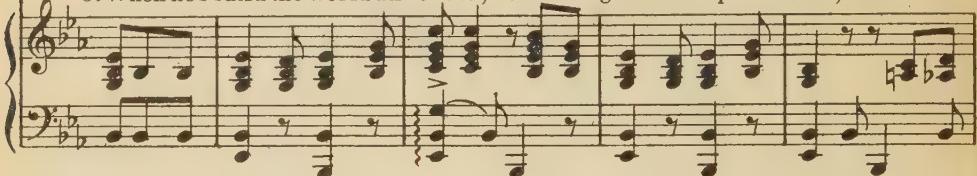
SOLO

1. Haul on the bow-lin' Our bul-ly ship's a roll - in! Haul on the bowlin', the bow-lin', haul!
 2. Haul on the bow-lin' Our captain he's a growlin'! Haul on the bowlin', the bow-lin', haul!

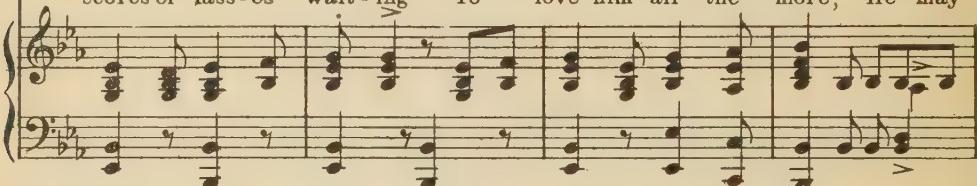
They All Love Jack

STEPHEN ADAMS
Arr. by W.J.G.

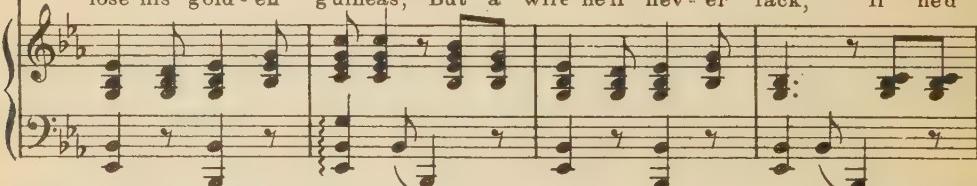
1. When the ship is trim and ready, And the jolly days are done, When the
 2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her "she"; Up a -
 3. When he's sail'd the world all o-ver, And a-gain he steps a-shore, There are



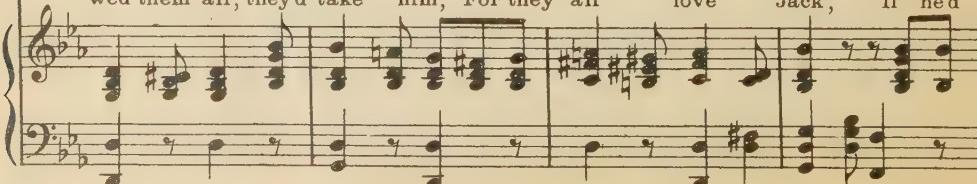
last good-byes are whispered, And Jack a-board is gone; The
 loft that "lit-tle cher-ub," Sure a maid-en she must be. And as
 scores of lass-es wait-ing To love him all the more; He may



lass-es fall a weep-ing, As they watch his ves-sel's track, For
 o'er the sea he trav-els, The mer-maids down-be-low Would
 lose his gold-en guineas, But a wife he'll nev-er lack, If he'd



all the lands-men lov-ers Are noth-ing af-ter Jack, For
 give their crys-tal king-doms For the love of Jack, I trow, Would
 wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack, If he'd



They All Love Jack-Concluded

all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter Jack.
 give their crys-tal king - doms For the love_ of Jack, I trow.
 wed them all, they'd take him, For they all_ love Jack.

For his heart is like the sea, Ev-er o-pen brave and free, And the

girls must lone - ly be, Till his ship comes back; But if

love's the best of all, That can a man be - fall, Why,

Jack's the king of all, For they all love Jack!

Belle Ob Baltimore

J. G. EVANS

Lively

1. I've been thro' Car - o - li - na, I've been to Ten - nes - see, I
 2. My Belle is tall and slen - der, And sings so ber - ry clear, You'd

sail'd the Mis-sis - sippi, For mas - sa set me free; I've kiss'd de lub - ly
 tink she was an owl-ingale, If once her voice you hear; I walk'd down to her

cre - ole On Loui - si - an - a's shore, But I neb - ber found de gal to match De
 cab - in And rapp'd up - on de door, I went to gub my dog - ger-type To

CHORUS

bloom-ing Belle ob Bal - ti - more. Oh, boys, Belle's a beau - ty, Eyes so bright and
 my sweet Belle ob Bal - ti - more.

cheek so soot - y; No gal I eb - er seen a - fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal - ti - more.

The Huntsmen

(Round)

Lively

¹
 A south - er - ly wind and a cloud - y sky Pro - claim it a hunt - ing morn - ing;

²
 To horse my brave boys and a - way; Bright Phoe - bus the hill is a - don - ing;

³
 Hark! hark! for - ward, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan ta - ra.

Hark I Hear A Voice

Hark! I hear a voice Way up on the moun-tain top, tip - top,
De-scend-ing down be - low, De-scend-ing down be - low, low.

CHORUS

Let us all u-nite in love, Trust-ing
Let us all u-nite in love,
in the pow'r's a - bove. Mer-ri-ly now we
Trust-ing in the pow'r's a - bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we
roll, we roll, O'er the deep blue sea.

Early To Bed

Round

1. Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man
health-y and wealthy and wise, Wise, health-y, and wealth - y.
3.

2.

Nut Brown Maiden

(Male Voices)

COLLEGE SONG

Arr. by W. J. G.

Moderately

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown
 hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The kissing of it's mine, love! Nut brown
 hast a slender waist; A slender waist is thine, love! The arm around it's mine, love! Nut brown
 hast such pearly teeth; The pearly teeth are false, love! They rattle when you wait, love! Nut brown

maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
 maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
 maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a slen - der waist.
 maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast such pearly teeth.

Where, O Where

COLLEGE SONG

Spirited

1. Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen? Where, O where are the verdant Fresh-men?
 2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
 3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Whére, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors?
 4. Where, O where are the grandold Sen-iors? Where, O where are the grandold Sen-iors?

Where, O where are the ver-dant Freshmen? Safe now in the Scph'-more Class.
 Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
 Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.
 Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors? Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Where, O Where—Concluded

They've gone out from pre-scribed English, They've gone out from prescribed English,
They've gone out from their old Lat-in, They've gone out from their old Lat-in,
They've gone out from their tough Mathematics, They've gone out from their tough Mathematics,
They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter, They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter,

They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
They've gone out from their old Lat-in, Safe now in the Jun-iор Class.
They've gone out from their tough Mathemat-ics, Safe now in the Sen-iор Class.
They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter, Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Noah's Ark

Lively

COLLEGE SONG

1. Old Noah he built him-self an ark, There's one wide river to cross! He built it all ^{of}
2. The animals went in one by one, There's one wide river to cross! And Japhet with a
3. The animals went in two by two, There's one wide river to cross! The Elephant and the
4. The animals went in three by three, There's one wide river to cross! The Hippopotamus and the
5. The animals went in fives by fives, There's one wide river to cross! Shem, Ham, and Japhet,
6. And when he found he had no sail, There's one wide river to cross! He just ran up his
7. And as they talked on this and that, There's one wide river to cross! The ark it bumped on

CHORUS

1. hick-ory bark, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
2. big bass drum, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
3. Kan - ga-roo, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
4. Bum - ble bee, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
5. and their wives, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
6. old coat tail, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
7. Ar - ra - rat. There's one wide riv-er to cross!

There's one wide riv-er, and

that wide river is Jor-dan, There's one wide river, There's one wide river to cross.

Rosalie

L. K.

Moderately

LAUNCE KNIGHT

1. I'm Pierre de Bon-ton de Par-is, de Par-is, I
 2. I go to the fete de Marquise, de Marquise, I

drink my di-vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie. As I ride out each day in my
 go and make love at my ease, at my ease. I go to her pere and de-

lit - tle cou - pe, I tell you I'm something to see.
 mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ros - a - lie.

Rosalie-Concluded

CHORUS

But I care _____ not what others may say, I'm in love with Ros-a - lie.
 Charming Rose, ____ pretty Rose, ____ I'm in love with my Ros - a - lee.

Quickly
BASS SOLO

Peter Gray

COLLEGE SONG

1. Once on a time, there was a man, His name was Peter Gray; _____ He
2. Now Pe - ter Gray he fell in love, All with a nice young girl; _____ The
3. But just as they were going to wed, Her pa - pa he said "No!" _____ And
4. And Pe - ter Gray he went to trade For furs and oth-er skins, _____ Till
5. When Lu - cy An - na heard the news, She straightway took to bed, _____ And

CHORUS
TENORS

lived way down in that'er town call'd Pennsylvani - a.
 first three letters of her name were L-U-C, An-na Quirl.
 con - se-quently she was sent way off to O - hi - o.
 he was caught and scalp-y-ed, by the bloody Indians.
 nev - er did get up a-gain un - til she di - i - ed.

Blow,ye winds of the

morn-ing, Blow,ye winds,heigho; Blow ye winds of the morning, Blow,blow,blow.

Crow Song

Lively
mf SOLO

CHORUS 3

SOLO

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! There
2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! Said

There
Said

CHORUS

Bil-ly Magee!

were three crows sat on a tree,
one old crow un-to his mate,
O Bil - ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!
O Bil - ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!

Bil-ly Ma-gee

were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
one old crow un-to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?" And they all flapp'd their wings
and cried

(Spoken.)

Caw,Caw,Caw. Billy Magee Magar! And they all flapp'd their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

Carve Dat Possum

SAM LUGG

1. De pos - sum meat am good to eat, Carve him to de heart; You'll al-ways find him
2. I reached up for to pull him in, Carve him to de heart: De possum be be

I reached up first to pull him in, Carven him to de neary; De possum he be -

good and sweet, Carve him to de heart; My dog did bark and I went to see,
gan to grin Carve him to de heart; I carried him home and dressed him off

Carve Dat Possum-Concluded

Carve him to de heart; And dar was a pos-sum up dat tree, Carve him to da heart.
 Carve him to de heart; I hung him dat night in de frost, Carve him to de heart.

CHORUS

Carve dat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart; Oh,
 Carve dat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart.

carve dat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart.

Gaudeamus Igitur

(Male Voices)

Arr. by W. J. G.

1. Gau-de-a-mus i - gi-tur, Ju-venes dum sumus; Post jucundam juventu-tem,
 2. U - bisunt, qui an-te nos, In mundo fu - e - re? Transe-as ad su - pe-ros,
 3. Vi-vat a - cad-e-mi-a, Vivat profes - so-res, Vi - vat mem-brum quodlibet,

Post molestam senec-tutem, Nos ha-be-bit hu - mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu - mus.
 A-be-us ad in - fe-ros, Qu-os si vis vi - de - re, Qu-os si vis vi - de - re.
 Vivant membra que - li - bet, Semper sint in flo - re, Semper sint in flo - re.

(English Version.)

1. Let us now in youth rejoice,
None can justly blame us;
For when golden youth has fled,
And in age our joys are dead,
Then the dust doth claim us.
2. Where have all our fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never;
Seek the god's serene abode
Cross the dol'rous Stygian flood;
There they dwell forever.
3. Raise we, then, the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

Street Urchins' Medley

(Male Voices)

Arr. by J. W. B.

Sing a song of cities, Cities great and small; Rhyming lit-tle ditties

Tell a-bout them all. New-York has her lobsters, Boston has her

beans Baltimore's the place for oysters, But for 'lasses New Or-leans.

Quickly

Roll dem bones, roll dem bones, Roll'em on the square; Roll 'em on the sidewalks, the

streets or an-y-where. We roll 'em in the morning, We roll 'em in the night, We

roll dem bones the whole day long, While the cops are out of sight.

slower *Fine*

we roll dem bones.

Street Urchins' Medley—Concluded

125

la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la,

Shine, shine, who wants a shine? My name is Teddy and I'm always ready, my
la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la,

la,la, la,la, la,la, D.S.

brushes are new my blacking is fine. Hithere! mister! Don't you want a shine?
la,la, la,la, la,la, la,la,

Reuben and Rachel

MODIFIED BY N.H.H.

1. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a grand world this would be
O! my goodness, gra-cious Ra-chel, What a queer world this would be
2. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a gay life girls would lead,
Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing, Men would have a mer - ry time,
3. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, stop your teas - ing, If you've an - y love for me,
Ra-chel, if you'll not transport us, I will take you for my wife,

- If the men were all transport-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
If the men were all transport-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
- If they had no men a - bout them, None to tease them, none to heed.
If at once they were transport-ed Far be-yond the salt - y brine.
- I was on - ly just a - fool - ing, As I thought of course you'd see.
And I'll split with you my mon - ey Ev - 'ry pay - day of my life.

NOTE: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duet number, the girls or women alternating with the boys or men through the several verses. The number may also be used effectively as a canon, in which case the first verse only should be used, the second part entering after the first part has sung two measures.

Scotland's Burning (Round)

1

2

Scot - land's burn - ing, Scot - land's burn - ing, Look out, look out!

3

4

Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on wa - ter, Pour on wa - ter.

Tangled Tunes**Dat Am De Way To Spell Chicken**

C, dat's de way to be-gin, H, am de nextlet-ter in, I, dat am de third,
 C, dat's de seasonin' of de bird, K, dat ole let-ter's my friend, E, now we're
 near-in' the end, C - H - I - C - K - E - N. Dat am de way to spell chick-en.

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Complete song with words and music, 40 cts., postpaid.

Rufus, Rastus, Johnson Brown

Ru-fus Rastus Johnson Brown, What you gwine to do when the rent comes round?
 What you gwine to say? How you gwine to pay? You'll nev-er have a dol-lar till the
 judgement day. You know, I know, rent means dough, Landlord'll kick us right out in de snow.
 Ru-fus Rastus John-son Brown What you gwine to do when the rent comes round?

Used by special permission of Harry Von Tilzer, owner of the copyright.

Complete song with words and music, 50 cts., postpaid.

By The Watermelon Vine

Lin - dy, Lin - dy, Sweet as the sug-ar cane, Lin - dy, Lin - dy,
 Say you'll be mine When the moon am a - shin - in, There my heart am a -
 pin - in, Meet me pret - ty Lin - dy by the wa - ter-mel - on vine.

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The three numbers on this page may be sung simultaneously and given in that way, they make a fine stunt number for recreational singing. The few harmonic clashes will not detract from the fun of singing three different songs at the same time.

Style All The While

1. They say that * - he ain't got no style, He's style all the while, He's style all the
 2. They say that Miss * - she nev-er does smile, She smiles all the while, She smiles all the
 while, They say that * - he ain't got no style, He's style all the while, all the while.
 while, They say that Miss * - she nev-er does smile, She smiles all the while, all the while.

*Supply any name. Make additional verses to suit the occasion.

Adaptation From
British Army Song

Information

1. If you want to know where the Sup - er is I know where he's at,
2. If you want to know where the Princ'pal is I know where he's at,
3. If you want to know where the teach-ers are I know where they're at,
4. If you want to know where the stu-dents are I know where they're at,

I know where he's at, I know where he's at. If you want to know where the
 I know where he's at, I know where he's at. If you want to know where the
 I know where they're at, I know where they're at. If you want to know where the
 I know where they're at, I know where they're at. If you want to know where the

Sup - er is I know where he's at; Smok-ing a big ci - gar, I saw him,
 Princ'pal is I know where he's at; Tak - ing a lit - tle nap, I saw him,
 teachers are I know where they're at; Plan-ning to flunk the class, I saw them,
 students are I know where they're at; Up to their necks in work, I saw them,

I saw him, Smok-ing a big ci - gar, I saw him smok-ing a big ci - gar.
 I saw him, Tak - ing a lit - tle nap, I saw him tak - ing a lit - tle nap.
 I saw them, Plan-ning to flunk the class, I saw them plan-ing to flunk the class.
 I saw them, Up to their necks in work, I saw them up to their necks in work.

The Barnyard Family

COLLEGE SONG

1. I have a roost-er, my roost-er loves me. I feed my roost-er on green Bay tree,
2. I have a cat, my cat loves me. I feed my cat on green Bay tree,

Fine.

My lit - tle roost-er goes oo-dle-de - oo, de - oo-dle- de-oo - dle-dee - oo-dle - de - oo.

My lit - tle cat goes Me - oow. My lit - tle dog goes Bow-wow.

3. Dog-Bowwow
4. Sheep-Ba-a-a-a
5. Cow-Moo-o-o
6. Crow-Caw-Caw

After third ending with dog call, sing last two measures of cat call and then go back to sign, finishing with rooster call. Any number of verses may be used but in each case after the new animal call has been sung, all preceding endings are sung in inverse order ending with the rooster call. Thus, if six animal calls were used in following order: rooster, cat, dog, sheep, cow, crow, the song would end: My little crow goes, caw-caw; my little cow goes, moo-o; my little sheep goes, Ba-a-a; and so on back to rooster call.

Farewell To Thee

This plaintive ir-
ten by former Queen
MYRTLE KOON CHER-

Moderately

o have been writ-
g of parting.EN LILIUOKALANI
Arr. by W.J.G.

DATE DUE



1. Now our gold-
2. We have felt t
3. We have seen



think, while swi-
know we now
joy that sumr



REFRAIN



Fare-well to i



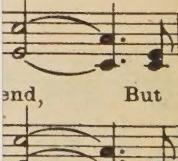
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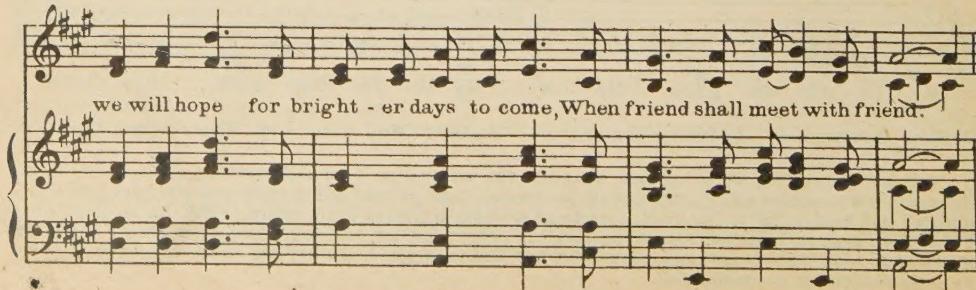
soon, And we
s well; When we
flow'r; But the



dship's boon.
can tell.
rting hour.



we will hope for bright - er days to come, When friend shall meet with friend.



**Old Black Joe**

3 4320 00144 8002

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
 Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head is bending low;
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day;
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright;
 By'n' by hard times comes a knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more today!
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home.

Old Folks At Home

'Way down upon de Sw
 Dere's wha my heart is
 Dere's wha de old folks
 All up and down de wh
 Still longing for de old
 And for de old folks at

All de world am sad at
 Oh! darkies, how my h
 Far from de old folks at

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaint
 And never bro't to mi
 Should auld acquaint
 And days of auld lang
 For auld lang syne, m
 We'll tak' a cup o' ki

Annie

Maxwelton
 Where ea
 And 'twa
 Gave me
 Gave me
 Which ne
 And for
 I'd lay r

When You And I

I wandered toda
 To watch the so
 The creek and t
 Where we sat in
 The green grov
 Where first the
 The old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
 Since you and I were young.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
 The trials of life nearly done,
 Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
 When you and I were young.

Jingle, Bells

Dashing thro' the snow In a one horse open sleigh,
 O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way;
 Bells on bobtail ring, Making spirits bright,
 What fun it is to ride and sing
 A sleighing song tonight!

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way!
 Oh, what fun it is to ride
 In a one-horse open sleigh!
 Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle a... the way!
 Oh, what fun it is to ride
 In a one-horse open sleigh.

My Bonnie

Bonnie is over the ocean,
 My Bonnie is over the sea,
 My Bonnie is over the ocean,
 O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back,
 Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
 Bring back, bring back,
 O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Massa's In The Cold Ground

Round de meadows am a ringing
 De darkeys' mournful song,
 While de mocking bird am singing,
 Happy as de day am long.
 Where de ivy am a creeping,
 O'er de grassy mound,
 Dere old Massa am a sleeping,
 Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Down in de cornfield
 Hear dat mournful sound;
 All de darkeys am a weeping,
 Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

Love's Old Sweet Song

In the dear dead days beyond recall,
 On the world the misty began to fall,
 The dreams that rose in happy throng,
 Our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
 In the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
 It wove itself into our dream.

song at twilight, when the lights are low,
 he flick'ring shadows softly come and go;
 the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
 o us at twilight comes love's old song,
 is love's old sweet song.

The Soldier's Farewell

Ah, love, how can I leave thee?
 The sad tho't deep doth grieve me;
 But know, whate'er befalls me,
 I go where honor calls me.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

Home, Sweet Home

asures and palaces though we may roam,
 er so humble, there's no place like home;
 rom the skies seems to hallow us there,
 seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

home, sweet, sweet home,
 no place like home,
 re's no place like home.

All Through The Night

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee
 All thro' the night;
 Guardian angels God will send thee,
 All thro' the night,
 Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
 Hill and vale in slumber steeping,

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